

CAMEOS OF
THREE
COUNTIES
BY DELL LEIGH

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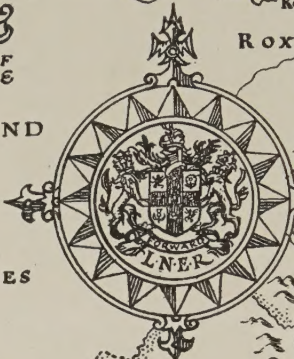


THE ARMS OF NEWCASTLE



SCOTLAND

DUMFRIES



CUMBERLAND

WESTMORLAND

IRISH SEA

THE ARMS OF YORK



LANCS.

Reference:

- Cathedral
- Abbey
- Castle
- Mansion
- Church
- Famous Inn
- Antiquities
- Birthplace



North with love from Seame



THE ARMS OF DURHAM

The NORTH SEA

THE ARMS OF KINGSTON upon HULL

CAMEOS OF THREE COUNTIES

CAMEOS OF THREE COUNTIES

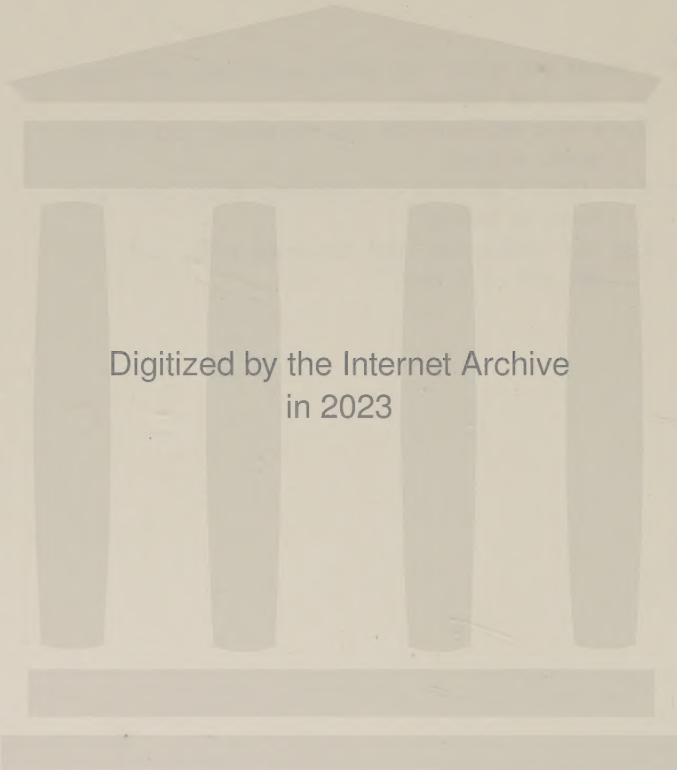
From Humber to Tweed

BY
DELL LEIGH

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.

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“I know not where the white road runs, nor what
the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his
guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the
voice is heard,
For the rivers call, and the road calls, and oh!
the call of a bird.”



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YORK

YORK

ONE wants to write so much about it; for, as the Duke of York said, "the history of York is the history of England." There is ample evidence that since the times of King David and King Solomon men and women have lived in York. It is the natural centre for the North of England: it is the half-way house between London and Edinburgh: and it is on the quickest and shortest land or air route between these two great capitals. That sounds very prosaic—too banal altogether; for there is much more in the potency and past glories of York than a mere halting-place for travellers.

It came to greatness, and remains one of the most romantic cities in the British Empire, the second city in England, largely because of its position in the centre of a great plain: an oasis in the desert of travel. For that reason the Romans wanted it, and made it their great English stronghold. Ever since it has been, and still is, a seat of military government, and a centre towards which the social world of all our historical days has converged.

The first military camp formed at York by the Romans, under Julius Agricola, was about A.D. 80. The Roman Legions remained here, dominating the country, until about A.D. 410, when the last Legion was withdrawn to help stem the tide of barbarian invasions that were threatening their Empire.

Although the trams now honk round the corners of its streets, and the great north and south-bound trains hiss in and out of the vast station all day and all night; and although the city *on the surface* is much

as our other modern cities are, there is nevertheless a glamour and a "feel" about York which is experienced instantly by any and every person of imagination the moment he sets foot in it. Small wonder. For York has played a big part in the dramas and gaieties of England's life continuously for more than a thousand years—and still does; and always will.

A week spent here is gone as if it were but a few hours. There is so much to see: a gorgeous surprise round every odd corner. Stories of York flood the mind as one writes—but space is dreadfully lacking. One can only hint here of some of its deliciously exciting and regally impressive sights. The immense pearl-grey Minster, for example, which dominates the scene; the architectural splendour of which must have appealed so strongly to the luxury-loving people of the fifteenth century, whose munificence and devotion completed the great work of erection which had been proceeding slowly but surely for hundreds of years before their day, being founded originally in 627 by Edwin, King of Northumbria. The wealthiest noble and the poorest citizen have contributed to this magnificent shrine, and the completed building as it stands, benignly beautiful, in the centre of the city to-day for design, engineering, and decorative work in stone and matchless stained glass is far beyond mere monetary value.

The city walls, of which the present remains date from the reign of Edward III (1327), are a fascinating place to stroll along. They are, in fact, the most enlightening thing about York, because from them one is able to visualise most clearly the life and customs of the city in mediæval times—and before. I have sat upon them at dead of night and at dawn, and no matter what the hour, the weather or the season, it has been a great effort to leave the massive bastions and descend to the humdrum of modern life below.

The streets of York to-day, girt with all the caravanseraï of the life we know, contain at almost every step, and turning some memory, some realistic relic of the great, crude past. "Stonegate" is perhaps the most impressive in this respect, for here, on either side, stand houses externally the same as they were five hundred years ago. And a few feet below your 1928 pavement in "Stonegate" lies the Roman road, with the stones still showing the marks made by the skid-wheel of the Centurion's chariot! The Shambles, formerly known as Mangergate (from the French *manger*), where the mediæval butchers' shops were all congregated: the little shops are still there with their tiny counters and overhanging gables. "Whip-ma-Whop-ma Gate"—where refractory wives were dealt with publicly, as the name so grimly implies. The Market Place, where Yorkshire men and women were bought and sold by the Roman soldiery alongside the cattle, and for much the same prices. . . .

But it is at night, long after the curfew has been rung, as it still is every night, when York has settled into yet another sleep, that I like to lean out of a window and perhaps hear a policeman passing the time of night with a home-coming acquaintance in the street below. Then the voice, cutting sharply into the silence, seems to me just like the voices of all the watchmen of all the centuries guarding York's people. . . . "Twelve: and a fine night. God be with you. . . ." Some said that, once: some said other things. But always during the night watches have voices been heard in York bringing the good news or the bad. It is in the stillness of night that the city's most dramatic hour creeps by: for so much has happened here at night, through the dark years of York's thrilling history.

HARROGATE

SITS with its eighty-seven wells on the edge of the Yorkshire moors—a coveted position—grandly, 400 feet above sea level, with the dignified, unaggressive air of a town that has “made good.” It does not rest upon the laurels of history, as does York: no king was incarcerated here; and good Queen Bess certainly never slept here, as far as anyone knows. Compared with many other Yorkshire towns Harrogate is quite modern: it only became prominent after 1571, when William Slingsby, of Knaresborough, found that the spring water did him a lot of good. Since then, as the saying is, the town has never looked back.

Continuously since then some millions of people have come to Harrogate feeling very ill indeed and have gone away feeling “very much better, thanks.” There has never been any question about the rapid and permanent curative properties of its various mineral waters, and so there is no need to enlarge upon the “*Magnum donum Dei*” that has been given to this alert and smiling Yorkshire town. People in need of its beneficent fluids will not hesitate to drink them and bathe in them at the earliest possible moment—so we can leave them at that.

But there is much to interest and charm a person in Harrogate, if he is not concerned with “cures,” and does not intend to drink unpleasant-tasting water, never having felt better in his life. Several things impress themselves on me as I wander about this most efficient town. The healthy man is prone to avoid “one of those invalid places”: they get on his



HARROGATE

nerves. There is no such atmosphere here. On the contrary, everyone who is here for the good of his health has an optimistic look about him: the locals seem to say, "I have never had a day's illness in my life": this is not surprising, because Harrogate is a proverbially healthy place. You cannot picture anyone being depressed after staying here a few days. There is an *éclat* about the splendid shops, the gay flower gardens, the excellent orchestras, the very-much-alive efficiency of everyone. You become toned up yourself by all this, unconsciously but surely.

There are other matters here that have helped to widen the fame of Harrogate all over the world. One of these is the extreme quality and profusion of its hotels. Of course the hotels have increased and multiplied as the visitors' needs demanded it. But you feel about most of them that they really do know their jobs: that they have been accustomed for a couple of generations, and more, to deal with what they would describe as "the right people": seeing that Harrogate has solaced and strengthened and amused much of the aristocracy of all Europe at various times their statement would hardly bare contradiction.

Another thing that is immensely attractive is the variety and beauty of the walks one can take in every direction in the surrounding countryside. Much of the historical glamour and natural, unspoilt beauty of Yorkshire is opened to you within a mile or two's stroll through the fields beyond the town. A different walk every day for a fortnight and you have only partially explored the possibilities and appreciated the exquisite panorama of moor and dale.

For people who prefer an inland town to the sea for a holiday it is difficult to imagine any place more amenable to all tastes and inclinations, energies and

indolences than this "compendium of all the world's Spas." Tennis, excellent golf, dancing, outdoor concerts in the Valley Gardens—a band playing in the Crescent Gardens from 7.45 to 9 a.m. if you are that way inclined!—theatres, picture houses, cafés and vivid promenades in the clear air and the strong sunshine. More or less everything, in fact: at least I cannot think of anything Harrogate has not got that it should have—including the right kind of train service whereby to reach it exultantly and leave it despondently.

KNARESBOROUGH

THIS town of mystery, antiquity and psychic knowledge lies $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Harrogate and is a most spectacular and dramatic little place. It lives on its great reputation and on the extreme beauty of its situation. It has several traditions. A Castle for one; Mother Shipton for another; the Dropping Well for a third, and a fearful murder to bind all the gossip together.

The Castle was built about 1330 by Edward III. In those days it must have been absolutely impregnable, for it had a sheer drop of uncomfortable steepness to the river Nidd below. There is little evidence of the Castle having served in many wars. Rather was it used by the knights of those days primarily as a hunting tower for the forest of Knaresborough close by. The main hall of the Castle being to-day devoted to two hard tennis courts and a bowling green, the sporting tradition hereabouts seems to have been

retained. The four knights who murdered Thomas à Becket fled here from Canterbury—a long journey in those days—and remained immune from capture, no doubt enjoying the hunting thoroughly, until such time as they went to the Holy Land to expiate their sins. Popular legend says that Richard II was imprisoned here in the “King’s Chamber”: though there was a “King’s Chamber” long before the days of Richard II, and this poor king was imprisoned in so many places!

Popular legend is, however, much more closely concerned with Mother Shipton, who lived in a cave here. This most extraordinary personality held sway as a witch and a prophetess from the year 1488 to 1561. But almost up to the present day her prognostications have been said to have come true. How she escaped death by burning is a mystery. “Her stature was much larger than common, her body crooked and her face frightful.” She seems to have predicted the woes of the world in rhyme; and for centuries she was steadfastly believed. Her most famous psychic manifestation was given, it is said, to the Abbot of Beverley, who, foreseeing the coming of the Reformation, went, disguised, to consult her. She saw through the disguise instantly, and rather rudely, with “Come in, Mr. Abbot, for you are not so much disguised but the fox may be seen through the sheep’s skin.” Her *chef d’œuvre* seems to have been the prediction of her own death, which arrived “to the very day.” Unfortunately for her great reputation there never was an Abbot of Beverley; and most of the prophecies she is said to have uttered were not written until 250 years after her death. There was something radically wrong about this old woman.

Eugene Aram committed his famous murder here in 1744: the sordid murder of a friend. But one

which seems to have taken deep root in the minds not only of the people, but of such brilliant personages as Lord Lytton, who made him the title of one of his works, *Eugene Aram*. And Tom Hood has immortalised the story in his poem, "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

The Dropping Well is a favourite spot. For here the chemical waters pouring over a rock will gradually turn anything put into them to stone. Visitors have a way of amusing themselves by throwing a glove in this summer and retrieving it next year—a stone. There is in the museum close by a perfect example of an early Victorian parasol complete in every detail of its granite-like solidity.

Knaresborough is essentially a place for an afternoon excursion. You come away thoughtful.

A delightful afternoon can be spent at Knaresborough on its river, the Nidd, in a punt or a skiff, which can be hired at a very reasonable price. This fascinating, winding little river meanders along through the beautiful valley, tree-shaded and conducive to the best form of river indolence I know, after Mother Thames. To stay at Harrogate and come to this river bank about noon, with a picnic basket, is an alluring form of holiday, which, indulged in once, will most certainly be done again if you are a river lover.

RIPLEY

THIS will probably be one of the first places you will come upon when making an excursion from Harrogate northwards. It is a typical little Yorkshire village, and has been there since the days when the Danes invaded England. It has only one broad street, over which a great dignity lies; and in its little cobbled square you will see the old stocks in which "drunks and disorderlies" were tied up. Alongside them stands what I always think is one of the nicest cenotaphs in England: it is small and exquisitely simple—"To Those who Fell." And, tiny as the village of Ripley is, the names are numerous indeed. The war inflicted a hideous wound here.

It has a famous Tudor castle, which, owing to its still being a family residence, the public cannot visit, though they may gaze at it from the park lands once a week, on Fridays. About it hangs a lovely story. After the battle of Marston Moor, Cromwell sent a relative of the Ingilbys, who owned it, to see about the billeting of himself and some of his officers. Lady Ingilby was at home. She was a Royalist and not afraid to admit it. She met Cromwell at the gate with a brace of pistols in her apron, expressing the hope, frigidly, that his men would behave themselves. She watched over her home vigilantly all night; and in the morning informed him, no less frigidly, that he would have answered with his life had there been any misdemeanour.

An air of great family tradition and conservatism

broods over Ripley. Or perhaps it is the ghost of the austere Lady Ingilby?

BRIMHAM ROCKS

A MOST curious spectacle are these Brimham Rocks, near Pateley Bridge in Nidderdale, Dacre being your nearest station. Nine hundred and fifty feet above sea-level and covering about sixty acres of grotesque profusion. They are of every conceivable shape, and much controversy has raged as to their origin. The most generally accepted theory is that they were shaped by the passage of ice-floes when the rivers Nidd and Fellbeck carved out the valley of the Nidd about 25,000 years ago. It is supposed that the brief summers caused the rivers to flood and that there would be carried down huge masses of grinding ice that in time wore away this limestone grit, leaving the boulders as we see them now.

But no matter what the theories are, mistaken or otherwise, Brimham Rocks, with their heather and crannies and little coves, and their glorious views of half Yorkshire, are an absolutely ideal spot for picnics. No matter how many other people have elected to do the same thing on the day you come here, you can get away from them. You can be absolutely alone, or just with your own merry party. Nobody worries you, and the world is a very delectable place here on a hot summer afternoon. I suppose Brimham Rocks have given more real pleasure to picnickers than almost any other place in Yorkshire.

PATELEY BRIDGE

A QUAIN little old town with one very steep straight street. It is an excellent centre for exploring the upper portions of Nidderdale. But not for those who want the gay life in the evening. Pateley goes to its bed very early. On the other hand, if you have been tramping the moors which stretch for miles round here, or the queer caverns that burrow in them, or scaling the heights of the hills, you too will go early to bed.

Wath waterfalls, about two miles above the bridge, is a charming spot. And here is Middlesmoor and Great Whernside: the latter at its highest point is 2000 feet above sea-level, and it is on this mountain that springs the source of the fascinating river Nidd.

RIPON

RIPON is a city of paradoxes. Modern streets living in an atmosphere of great old age. You would never guess that Ripon is the second oldest town in England, having been incorporated in the year 886, until, perhaps, you heard the "wakeman" blowing blasts on his horn, as you will every night at 9 p.m.: three at the Market Cross and three in front of the Mayor's residence. One does not know quite when this custom started. But an order was

issued in 1598 requiring the horn to be blown *according to ancient custom*! The wakeman (or watchman) seems to have announced at 9 p.m. to the citizens that hereafter there was a great likelihood of robbers being about. If anyone *was* robbed after this hour the wakeman himself had to compensate the loser if it could be proved (and strenuous efforts were no doubt made to this end) that he had not been sufficiently vigilant. Hence the stentorian horn, with a note or two of grievance in it surely?

Many interesting things have happened in Ripon. King Henry IV brought the whole of his Court here in 1405 because a plague was raging in Westminster. Its great industry used to be the manufacture of woollen goods in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then it declined, and Charles II, in order to get the business back, ordered that the dead should be buried in cerements of wool only and the coffins lined with the same material. History does not relate whether the mortality increased on this account. It used also to be a great centre of the spur-making industry. So famous were the Ripon spurs that "a white man" was described in those days as being "as true steel as Ripon rowels."

It is now becoming increasingly popular as an inland Spa, the medicinal water being piped from a sulphur spring at Aldfield, four miles away.

The keynote of Ripon is, of course, its lovely old rook-caving Cathedral, dating from as early as 657, when a small band of monks settled here and received from Alfred, Prince of Deira, permission to build a monastery, from which evolved the present Minster. King Athelstan, a grandson of Alfred the Great, came here in 926 and granted it valuable privileges, including that of sanctuary for criminals. The "sanctuary" extended in several directions for a mile from the Minster, the boundaries being indicated by eight

crosses. There is a portion of one still to be seen on the Sharow Road. But the privilege of sanctuary was abolished in England in 1548.

The Minster is full of architectural beauty and historical association. The carvings are particularly beautiful and interesting, notably the *Misereres*; amongst all sorts of curious subjects is one of "two pigs dancing to a bagpipe played by a third": *miserere* would seem to be an apt name in this case.

Ripon is an excellent centre from which to explore the Dales.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

NO matter what your form of religion, your age, your disillusionments, the state of your health and mind; once you have paid your shilling, passed through the lodge gates of Fountains and have begun to walk in this valley of peace, you will say, with extremes of vehemence and awe, that it is one of the most beautiful sights you have ever seen in your life.

The surroundings of this magnificent monastery are exquisitely lovely. It was built in 1135 to the glory of God. It stands to-day one of the most glorious ruins the Empire possesses. Green grass covers its one-time stone floors: birds fly in and out of its stone windows: rabbits lollop across the high altar. But it is still so beautiful in its dove-grey and light mauve stone-work, and so perfect in the setting of its grounds, waters and protecting woods as to make you unusually silent. There is nothing to say—you have no words. The monks built it, stone by stone,

over the years; love of their work and of their Maker cemented the whole great structures.

And now the birds sing there in their thousands, pæans of glad song all through lovely summer days, and the forget-me-nots bloom, a blue mist, at the edge of the woods, and the river trickles over its stones, and perfect peace is all round and about.

Poor and simple of mind as these Cistercian monks were, their unflagging industry brought wealth and great tracts of prosperous farming country into the Abbey possessions; so that when Henry VIII sold the land and the splendid buildings to Sir Richard Gresham (thirty miles of the surrounding countryside went with it), the yearly revenue was computed at £20,000 of the present currency; though it meant much more in those days.

Whenever I sit in this lovely old place thinking of the busy lives of all this colony of cowled men who thronged these cloisters and chanted their *primes*, *tierces*, *nones* and *vespers*, I think also of the great fight that took place here, so out of keeping with the solemnity and the teaching, so thoroughly enjoyed by the two combatants. One can visualise so clearly the audacious Robin Hood peeping through the leaves of those woods, taking the measure of his adversary. The godly curtal Friar bowed to his gardening. The outlaw had heard that the monk was a great fighter. That was enough. He stepped out and commanded the astonished monk to carry him across the stream. The latter bent his back obediently and Robin Hood was thereupon tossed into the middle of it, much to his surprise, and no doubt delight—a true foeman at last! One can feel the Friar's inward joy at the excitement of the subsequent battle, all his suppressions and inhibitions oozing delightedly from him.

One loves to think of them fighting shield to shield and blade to blade on the grass here for those six



FOUNTAINS ABBEY

heavy-breathing hours, after Robin had attempted to take rather a mean advantage of his skill as a bowman. How Robin cheated again by asking leave to blow his horn, thereby summoning fifty of his merry men; how the Friar, out of breath but undismayed, replied by saying he hoped he would blow so well that both his eyes would drop out; and how the Friar riposted by asking leave to whistle, thereby calling up fifty dogs, which for a while more than held their own, but were "at length vanquished by tactics." And how finally the Friar called a truce, forsook his vows and straightway joined the irresistible band. . . .

Much of the romance and history and ineffable beauty of England seems to rest in these quiet, hallowed grounds of Fountains Abbey, which remains, even in the stress and knowledge of these cynical, modern days, a spectacle of extreme grandeur to all who pass this way.

ILKLEY

ILKLEY is a modern little town in a very old setting. You have merely to walk up the hill from the station to reach the edge of Rombald's Moor to find thereon numerous remains of the aboriginal tribes. The most remote period of British history is traced all over this wild, grim moor in the pit dwellings, cairns, circles, burrows and very ancient trackways. The Romans, of course, swarmed over this countryside: there is evidence of them in all directions. Hadrian's coins have been picked up here by the dozen.

The old British name for Ilkley was "Lleccan"—

or the Place of Rocks—but the Romans softened it to “Olicana.” The ancient monks and scribes were very puzzled about this word and spelt it in seventeen different ways. From the medley emerged “Ilkley”!

Its spring of beautiful health-giving water, which pours out 800 gallons a minute, has always been Ilkley’s chief joy to the travellers of the past. Visitors flocked here to drink it in the reign of Queen Anne—it had a great vogue at that time—but stones and deep holes strewn the approach roads and coach travelling was an arduous business, until in 1865 the railway came to the rescue and all was well for the sprightly little town from that day onwards.

It is not a place for the hectic day excursionist. He will go empty away. Rather is it a retreat for the “peace and quietness” people who want vitality and vigour pumped into them with little effort on their part. It is odd that just pure water containing no medicinal qualities should cure all sorts of ills—scrofulous cases, for example—but it does. The Romans were always quick to make the fullest use of pure water. They built two stone baths round the spring as soon as they had settled here, somewhere about A.D. 180. Ilkley is a superlatively healthy place: so are hundreds of others. But it is a curious fact that you actually *feel* its healthiness when you have been in the town only a few hours. People cooped up in Leeds and Bradford, sixteen and fourteen miles away, have told me they experience exactly the same feelings as I did; that of a new energy and light-heartedness creeping over them: a queer but immensely pleasant sensation.

BARDON TOWER

NEARING Bolton Abbey, round a sudden corner of the road, you will come upon a gaunt ruin standing forlorn and forgotten. So dramatic is the neighbourhood, so much history has drenched this countryside, that this sad old place has been, so to speak, shelved for more exciting matters.

Push open a wooden gate and walk in. A meditative cow may stand in the path : a few fowls from the adjacent farm may scurry away from you : nobody will stop your entry ; and when you reach the scarred walls, this is what you will see, cut into the wall 270 years ago :

“ This Bardon Tower was repayrd by the Ladie Anne Clifford, Countesse Dowager of Pembrokee, Dorsett, and Montgomery ; Baronesse Clifford, Westmerland. and Veseie Lady of the Manor of Skipton in Craven, and high sherifesse, by inheritance, of the Countie of Westmerland ; in the years 1658 and 1659, after it had layne ruinous ever since about 1589, when her mother than lay in itt and was greate with child with her, till nowe that it was repayrd by the sayd Ladie. IS: chapt 58. ver. 12 God’s name be praised.”

And now the birds nest in it and the cattle lie in it and nobody loves it any more.

But some great men lived in this castle and loved it : “ the stout Lord Clifford that did fight in France ” ; and his son Henry, who, issuing from his retreat at

the call of duty, withstood the shock of the Scottish spearmen at Flodden Field, and turned them back.

BOLTON ABBEY

IT is advisable to avoid the error that many people fall into of seeing Fountains Abbey and Bolton Abbey on the same day. Both are extremely beautiful and, like so many beautiful things of the same species, they react upon each another.

Bolton does not aspire to the greatness of building and sumptuousness of setting as does Fountains, though in truth it is lovely enough to make you pause dumb in admiration.

The Abbey has grown up in the obscurity of legend. Alice de Meschines, who took her mother's name of Romillé, was the wife of a nephew of Dard of Scotland, by whom she had two sons. The elder died young, and the younger came to be called "the noble boy of Egremond," from the place of his birth. He is supposed to have been drowned in the river Strid while out hunting. His mother is said to have built "a stately priory" as near as possible to the spot where he was drowned.

Unfortunately the "boy of Egremond" is known to have added his signature to that of his mother's on a charter which allowed the monks to receive the Manor of Bolton in exchange for other concessions. In any case the monastery existed for 400 years in these perfect surroundings, until it was seized with the others by Henry VIII, because its value then was about £3000 a year of our money—much more of theirs.

VERY OLD ENGLAND

(SWALEDALE AND WENSLEYDALE)

WHEN you leave the old cobbled market square of Richmond, now thronged with the modern motor vehicle, and turn westward towards the valley of the Swale, with every mile you go you leave the new world behind you. These two exquisite valleys are an adventure : not to be hurried through, but to be absorbed slowly. For they are as old as time, and their legends are legion. Their districts are ablaze with the glories of old English chivalry : into whatever village you penetrate there is a fascinating story to be told. Great families have been reared in these vales and splendid pageantries have been staged here.

The further you go the more intrigued by the quaint sights and steeped in the unique atmosphere do you become. A month here and the surface of the tremendous past has been only scratched. True, the modern railway trickles obligingly through the bed of the two valleys, dropping you where the spirit moves you and carrying you on again—all too soon. It takes away also from the Dale over 700,000 gallons of milk and hundreds of tons of Wensleydale cheese every year. The whole time you are in this enchanting land, at the back of beyond, fresh beauties of scenery will open to you at every bend of the hills. And another very pleasant thing about “the Dale” is that you can walk just anywhere you like. All the kindly farmers ask is that you shut the gates behind you.

We can only take a quick glance, as it were, along one valley and regretfully back by the other : a volume

of great size could scarcely deal fully with the many charms of this sequestered land of oldest England. We will flit from Richmond to Reeth and Muker, along Swaledale; across the famous Buttertubs Pass, at the remote end of the valley; enter the westerly end of sweet Wensleydale at Hawes, wandering back towards so-called civilisation through Bainbridge, Ask-rigg, Aysgarth, Leyburn and Bedale, on to North-allerton and its several lines of busy railway and thudding locomotives—our strenuous world.

Little impressions these are only of a place or two and a mood or two and a thrill or two, experienced while these unique and lovely villages held me enthralled through somnolent summer days and moon-splashed nights. The valley views are of England at her very best; that is to say, rich, wide-sweeping meadows and snug farms; stone barns, at least 500 years old, peeping over the tops of low walls; tinkling streams wander by, cows brooding along their edges. Miniature villages sitting in a great dignity of silence. The hills sheltering the crops: village life undisturbed by mechanical “progress”: the minds of the inhabitants conservative and loyal to tradition:—the peace that passes all understanding is here because the warring elements of cities have never stirred the hearts of men in these dales.

This is the country of the Fitz-Randolphs, the Fitz-Hughs, Fitz-Alans, Nevilles (kings in all but name), Scropes, Hyltons—Lords of the North. Much of the romance of our escutcheons lies here. Middleham Castle is deeply dyed in it. (Was it not here that the great horse-racing “tourneys” took place? And has not Middleham been a breeding-ground, riding school and racing stable centre ever since?) Here came that terrible, awkward and swarthy figure, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who looms so luridly over the scenes of Plantagenet history. Here reigned Richard Neville,



AYSGARTH FALLS

Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, "the king-maker." Here assembled all the beauty and chivalry and pomp of those mediæval days. Warwick feasted daily 30,000 people in his several halls, and could bring the same number to fight under his standard at a word. When he came to London in 1458, "with 600 men all in his livery," and lodged in Warwick Lane, there were often six oxen eaten at breakfast, and every tavern in the neighbourhood was full of his meat. "For he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of soden and rost mete as he could prick and carry upon a long dagger. . . ." Middleham was the "Windsor" of the North. All the display of the Northern Court took place there. In Middleham Castle were hatched many of the plots and intrigues of that great "cabal period" of English history.

Yet another castle in Wensleydale, Bolton. It comes upon you suddenly, gaunt on the horizon: nearly as perfect as when the Scropes paced its ramparts and their banners floated from its towers. A sad place, for it imprisoned Mary, Queen of Scots, for seven months. The pane of glass in the royal bedroom on which the fretting lady wrote her name was accidentally broken on its removal to Bolton Hall. Imagine how angry the owners must have been! But the Castle museum, and all it contains, will make you want to stay in the neighbourhood a week to pore over the historical relics.

Round Bellerby, "the village of the bridges," many an old tradition lingers. It is a dream picture of the past. (It has actually got a "Pig and Whistle" public-house—but that by the way!) Arrangements were made here for the hiding of Queen Mary upon her flight from Bolton; but she was caught on Leyburn "Shawl." Bellerby had a humorist once, one James Kendray, who died in his 103rd year. He

informed his friends that a "tooth grew into ma heade efter a' was eighty-foive. A' think it cam just to hodie me lip up a bit."

Nappa Hall stands near the village of Askrigg, a place impregnated with the "Comedy of Race." For here the famous Metcalfe clan had their stronghold. A Metcalfe, it will be remembered, covered himself with glory with the Wensley archers at Agincourt. A Sir James Metcalfe led three hundred dalesmen to fight at Flodden Field. They all bore his name, "in very known consanguinite." No wonder, with this sort of team-work, that the English won on that fateful day.

Askrigg is a grey, solitary spot, unique in character—aloof, not concerned with any other world beyond the limit of its parish. It is described—though rather unfairly—in the words of "Drunken Barnaby":

"No handsomeness about it,
Askrigg—market noted:
Neither Magistrate nor Mayor
Ever was elected there.
Here poor people live by knitting,
To their trading, breeding, sitting."

For they are a cheery folk, welcoming a stranger in a whimsical way: asking polite, vague questions of the "Lunnon" they have never seen—and continuing their knitting all the time, both men and women!

Bainbridge is a village of greys and browns with a vivid patch of green grass plumb in the middle of everything. Its little world revolves round this patch of green, and in the middle of that remain inviolate to-day the old stocks. It is here, I think, more than in most villages that you can appreciate the efficiency of the old-time "stocks." For they are set very publicly upon the village green at Bainbridge.

When a man was a nuisance to the neighbourhood in those days they just clamped him into the stocks, and there he could make an exhibition of himself until further orders, disgusted people throwing unpleasant things at his defenceless body meanwhile. Vanity is said to control all our actions. You would have been released from the stocks at Bainbridge with your pride humbled indeed !

Buttertubs Pass is described in terse official guide-book language as "the westernmost way for wheeled traffic between Swaledale and Wensleydale." It is the end of England—or so it seems. Wild, remote, desolate, for five miles from Muker you will not come upon a single habitation. The pass runs between Stag's Fell (2213 feet) and Great Shunner Fell (2346 feet). The scenery is sublime. The "Tubs" have been gouged out by Nature's greatest force—water : through countless centuries water has fallen from the hills and penetrated the limestone formation, until deep "tubs" have been formed in the rocks. Of all the remote places in England there is surely none so wild and grim as this region of Buttertubs ; and on a clear day none more beautiful.

In the centre of all the splendour, tradition and pomp of the Dale castles and great halls there remains for ever a monument of sweet simplicity in the Abbey of Jervaulx. Twelve monks, under Peter (from Savigny in Normandy), built their rude Abbey first near Bainbridge, about 1144, on land given them by Aker Fitz-Randolph. But the half-wild, suspicious moor-men pulled it all down. So Peter and his faithful twelve wandered down the Dale, where the brethren at Byland made them welcome for a time. But their hearts were in the old spot, and once more they trudged back and began their patient building all over again. Still matters troubled them. Wild beasts howled round the spot and wild "catties" lurked

about the very doors. One day came Conan, Earl of Richmond, hunting through the glade, and craved the monks' ever-ready hospitality. To him Peter told the tale of their tribulations and unrest. Forthwith the great-hearted Earl gave them all the land of Jervaulx, lower down the Dale; and there they built their most beautiful Abbey in peace, beginning in 1156. And it is said that

“Barons and Earls in gold array,
And warrior Knights in harness grey,”

were their ceaseless benefactors in the ensuing years. A great dignity and ineffable beauty broods to-day over Jervaulx. As at Fountains and Bolton, further away in this county of Abbeys, a great tranquillity of mind and body envelops you while you sit upon the fallen stones. A spiritual legacy from those cowed, kindly men, one feels, who lived at peace with all men, fearing none.

One of the last great views that remains for hours in your vision as you begin to leave these vales of delight is Pen Hill. Hereon great fires, engendered by fright, have been lit. When the Spanish Armada approached; and again, much later, when England learned with grave forebodings of the apparition of Napoleon's armies assembling truculently on that Wimereux coast, so perilously near. An awesome thing to climb to the summit of Pen Hill—and listen. The world is dead up here. Though the valleys below have lived the gay life, the lurid life, through the centuries that are gone, it is difficult to believe on an early morning from the summit of Pen Hill that the misty dale below was once all agog with armed men: that brilliant cavalcades of kings came here: that the plots and counterplots of courts were hatched at Middleham, lying now asleep at Pen Hill's foot: that here was the cradle of the Wars of the Roses:

that just below us lay much of the romance of England in the making.

To emerge from the side tracks of these now slumbrous, once vibrant, valleys to the seething main line of life is, to me, rather like going back to school after the lovely summer holiday (while still a fag !) to the bleak, long winter term and all that it implies.

RICHMOND

THE visitor will find it difficult to obtain much really informative local literature about this historic old place. And he will want some the moment he arrives in the cobbled market square. One can only assume that Richmond is so old that all documentary evidence of its past has been lost. It sits serenely off the main lines of communication to the North, having a line of its own from Darlington running through some enchanting little places. It is because it has lain off the main roads of marching armies that few enemies have ever attacked it, except possibly marauding Scots from time to time. It commands, from an æsthetic point of view, the sweet Swaledale—one of the most beautiful valleys in Yorkshire, which is saying a good deal. Apart from the atmosphere of complete poise on the part of the inhabitants (they have been left alone, you see, for hundreds of years !) and the quaint stone houses, your interest will be centred primarily in two things—the Market Square, which is the axis of the whole countryside, and the Castle.

There are few towns in England where the market

is so absolutely the hub of the universe, to which everyone must come the moment they arrive. There are two things here which root you to the spot. One is the old "Cross" standing in the centre of the market—there is no sign of a cross about it. It is said to have stood there for 900 years, though there was doubtless an actual cross here originally. What interests me about it is that somewhere in its base (though you can't find it) there is an entrance to an underground passage, so tradition says, leading to the castle. You can well imagine a serf slipping in and out of this hole at night and informing his lord of all that transpired in the town, good or bad.

The other is the spectacle of Holy Trinity Church with shops plying their trade *within its walls*. One feels that this must be the only place in Great Britain where retail trade is carried on under a sacred roof. Anyway there they are, the glass of the shop windows actually set into the arched stone frames of the south aisle; and I saw nailed to one of the flying buttresses a printed notice proclaiming that "*this business* has been taken over by Mrs. Wilcox" (the italics are mine). One wonders why this outrage was allowed: how the perpetrators were able to "get round" the then Vicar; and what the Bishop said about it. There was until about seventeen years ago a public-house affixed to the wall of the church tower, whose beer cellars and the church vaults were one. However, enlightened public opinion has removed all traces of this. The official reason given, that these shops "support" the fabric, is unconvincing, to say the least of it.

Richmond Castle, standing on high in its regal ruins, is a very romantic spot. But, unlike most historic fortresses of this size, no stories of battles are centred round it. Nevertheless it is full of the



RICHMOND

glamour of the past. Its immense keep, 100 feet high, is in a splendid state of preservation—though most of the rest of it is a shell merely. No other castle in England can show so much masonry belonging to the first twenty years or so after the Conquest. And one can picture quite readily the pomp and circumstance of the “Honour of Richmond,” when John I of Brittany and Beatrice his wife obtained leave from Henry III for the “White Canons” to come and live here.

When “John Lord Scrope of Bolton ande Cristofer Lorde Conyers” were appointed to “vewe” the Castle in 1538 they reported, “ther is no gonnys within the saide castell nor no artelire for the defence therof.” There never was. An undisturbed place has Richmond always been, staid and thoughtful in its lovely setting above the tinkling river Swale. In nearly all the little streets which nestle close about the high Castle walls there remains to this day the varied architecture of eight centuries of peace and goodwill amongst men. The site of the Great Chapel here has been submerged by the erection of a row of hideous Crimean barrack buildings. Fortunately H.M. Office of Works, in whose trim keeping the Castle now is, are about to pull all this down, when there is little doubt that many immensely interesting remnants of the great past will be brought into the light of day.

One afternoon, with my mind deep in the past, I came round the corner of a tiny cobbled street of very ancient houses to see hung up before me in a cottage window a notice to the effect that its owner performed “Electrical Tattooing.” Shades of the Crécy archers! Would not the sentry pacing the Castle wall in those days have submitted his bared arm just as eagerly to its disfigurement as the tall private in the Royal Tank Corps, who had just emerged through the cottage door?

It was here, too, that I sat on the Castle battlements one still summer evening and listened to the curfew tolling peremptorily in the church tower as it always has every night down the years. Its last sonorous notes were stifled by a noise in the sky as a Single-Seater Fighter passed over, going down wind at a comfortable cruising speed of 156 or so miles per hour. . . . Of what use would be any Richmond battlements against him to-night? What would the pacing sentry of 1328 have thought, could he but have known?

EASBY ABBEY

THE lovely old Abbey lying alongside the peaceful river bank was founded in 1152 by Roaldus, Constable of Richmond Castle. Somewhere about 1337 the family of Scrope purchased the Abbey from his descendants and rebuilt and further endowed it. This was a very remarkable family, in that during the space of 300 years it gave to England one Queen, one Prince of Wales, a Cardinal, two Earls, twenty Barons, one Lord Chancellor, four Treasurers, two Chief Justices, one Archbishop, two Bishops, five Knights of the Garter, besides numerous Baronets. Many of them lie buried here, including Richard le Scrope, Lord Chancellor of England, who forfeited the favour of Richard II and resigned office rather than be a partner with his king in an unfair grant to one of the Court favourites.

As an instance of Henry VIII's dealings at the time of the Reformation, it is interesting to note that he

"graciously" leased back the property to the then Lord Scrope, the owner, at a yearly rental of £283 13s. 1d., nearly double the sum at which his Commissioners had valued it.

With Richmond rising majestically in the background the situation of Easby is extremely beautiful. Standing on the river bank with historic Richmond to your left and the dove-grey walls of the lovely old Abbey facing you, on a summer's evening when the sun is setting it is a sight not easily forgotten.

Easby is well named, for the monks must have been well at ease of mind and body in this tranquil corner of the world. The White Canons were a blessing to the poor hereabouts. Their vows bound them to give one loaf of bread ("Payselofe"¹), one flagon of ale, and one mess of food to one pauper every day from All Souls to the Feast of Circumcision. A benedictory atmosphere broods over the place—perhaps for that reason.

WILLANCE'S LEAP

THIS interesting spot affords the excuse for a very jolly walk of about a couple of miles to the west of Richmond. You stroll along the bluff of the foothills with the fascinating Swale river to your left, and, as you reach still higher ground, the whole noble valley spreads before you. Looking back on Richmond the town appears to be lying in a hollow at the foot of everything. In reality it is 600 feet above sea-level, and you are now 300 feet higher. No wonder

¹ Loaf of Peace.

Richmond is one of those places where you wake up in the morning determined to have two and not one fried egg with your bacon !

It appears that in 1606 a local gentleman, by name Robert Willance, while out hunting on a foggy day, went over the edge of the precipice at a spot you will presently come to ; and that, wonderful to relate, having fallen 200 feet, he escaped with a broken leg only. He seems to have valued his life to the extent of a silver cup only, which he presented commemoratively to the Corporation. One's interest veers more towards the horse, which was instantly killed. Though what possessed a man to ride his horse hard about those short, sharp hills in thick weather passes this writer's understanding. A graven tablet marks the spot where this miracle took place.

BOLTON-ON-SWALE

THIS typical Yorkshire village opposite Catterick on the bank of the Swale—it is scarcely more than a hamlet—has become historic by reason of one of its inhabitants, Henry Jenkins. This truly remarkable person managed to live until he was 169 years of age. He got himself into very serious trouble locally over an affair of the heart at the age of 105 ; and even worked as a farm labourer at the age of 130 ! People, not knowing, imagine at once that you are exaggerating when Henry Jenkins' name comes under discussion. But the facts are duly authenticated in the neighbourhood : indeed the Richmond stationers sell booklets on his life ; and there is no possible doubt

that this phenomenal person really achieved that terrifying age. A monument is erected to him in the local churchyard. People who fear death greatly go there especially to gaze upon it. They are said to touch the stone, deriving a queer comfort therefrom. . . . How the ribald old man would have chuckled at the thought !

EASINGWOLD

IS one of the most interesting of the smaller Yorkshire towns. It was once a centre of the weaving trade. It is certainly very old and very picturesque. Bronzes found here show clearly the hand of Rome in the town during the occupation ; though there is evidence of a British settlement here before that. Domesday book mentions it as having " a church and a priest." Belonging originally to the Crown, it was one of the many places in Yorkshire that became " absorbed " by the monasteries : Durham in this case took it over from the King, though history is discreet enough not to say why !

King John used to like coming to Easingwold. It was a favourite resting-place of his after hunting in the neighbouring Forest of Galtres. He used to stay at a " hospice " here, to the growing discomfiture of the owner, who found entertaining the monarch an extremely costly business—which is not surprising, considering the latter's tastes and despotic requirements. However, there is a record that the astute proprietor of the hospice induced his Majesty not to come again by the bribe of two beautiful palfreys.

Henry III had a manor-house here in 1220; and more than one king no doubt stayed here on his way North or South in order to enjoy some of the redoubtable sport the then Forest of Galtres offered.

At one time this historic village was rich in possession of many fine examples of half-timbered houses. Now, alas, only a few remain. The stocks and the whipping-post in the market-place have gone too—as also the ducking-stool for the wayward women.

COXWOLD

THIS is a particularly sweet village, with a real old cobbled village street: the sort of place you read about in novels: the home-coming of the squire's son, and all that sort of thing. It would be easy to picture such a scene in this country. Here lived that fascinating personality, Laurence Sterne, a clergyman of most unclerical disposition, who, as the "Rev. Mr. Yorick," mocked the coming and going of the years. "Gravity," as Yorick said, "is an arrant scoundrel"—and that one sentence sums up the character of the author of *Tristram Shandy*.

At the foot of the hill is the famous Newburgh Priory, the home of the Wombwell family. There is, naturally, no admission to the public, but you catch a glimpse from the main road of this beautiful old place which Roger de Mowbray founded for the Augustinian Canons in 1145.

Quite close to Coxwold you come suddenly round a bend of the road upon the Byland Abbey ruins. Ruins they may be, but romance is graven into every

stone. The Lady Gundreda was responsible for its structure, since she helped an abbot and twelve monks, outcasts from Furness Abbey, to build it. Henry II granted the monks and their men "the privilege of freedom in all cities, boroughs, markets, fairs, bridges and ports throughout England and Normandy." Hither came the robber-bishop Wimund, his eyes gouged out by his enemies, to spend his last days, "still panting for the earthly battle." One can imagine with what ill-suppressed joy the monks must have listened to the tales of battles and brave deeds that the old soldier had to tell; fascinated by the pictures of a full and vibrant life unfolded to their starved imaginations.

Many people remember Coxwold by its famous landmark on the adjacent Hambleton hills. It is the figure of a huge white horse cut out of the chalk cliff, covering about an acre in size, and is visible, of course, for miles round. It was cut out in the year 1857.

AMPLEFORTH

THIS long, grey village bears testimony to early British earthworks and tumuli. The "Studford Ring" on the north side of the village, about a mile from the old Norman church, a rectangular bank 11 feet high, is thought to belong to the late Neolithic or Early Bronze Age. The Abbey of St. Lawrence, staffed and maintained by Benedictine monks, ranks as one of the great Roman Catholic schools of this country and educates 120 sons of Roman Catholic families.

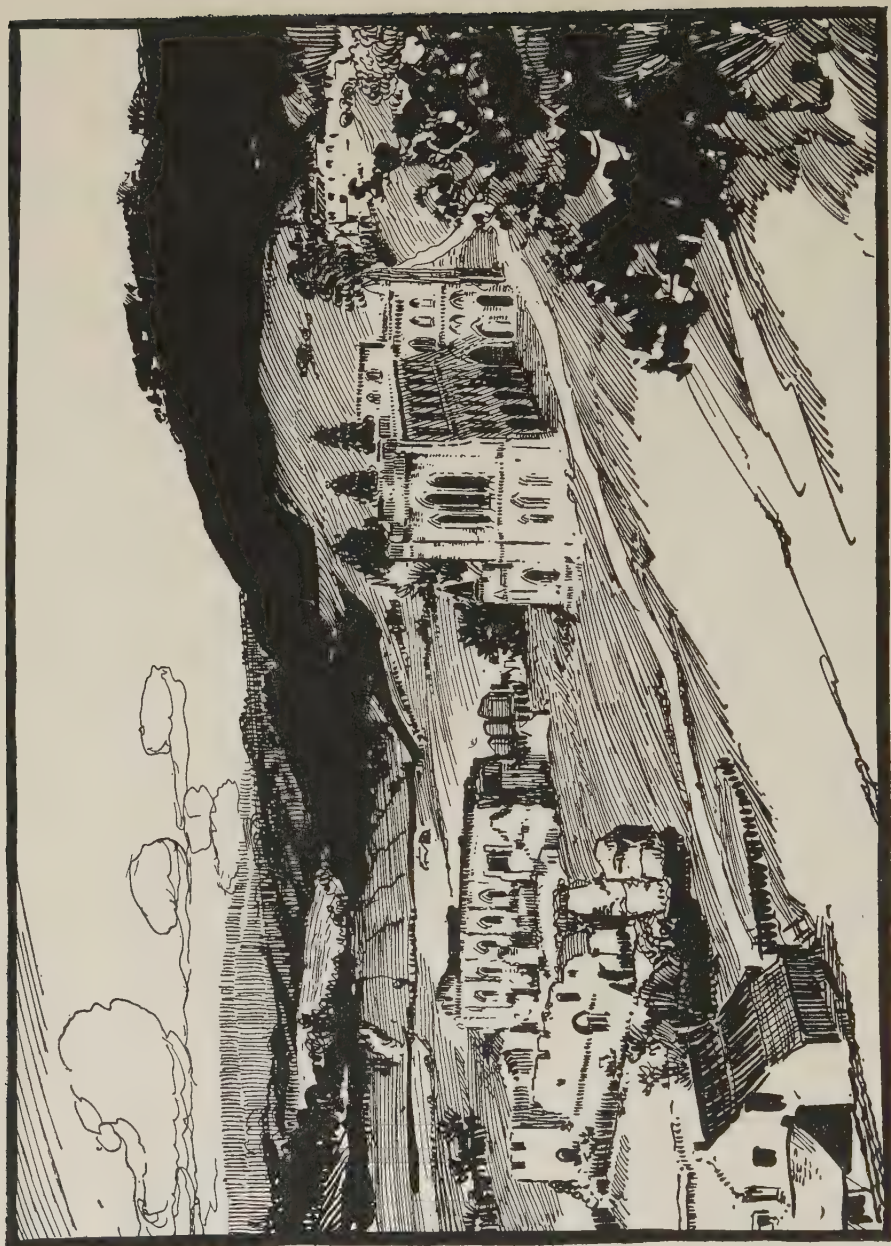
GILLING

ANOTHER pretty village full of historical association, for although its population is now only 200 or thereabouts, it has a castle wherein considerably more than 200 personal retainers alone of Thomas Lord Fairfax once scurried about the walls. The General of the Commonwealth once said, in no spirit of boasting, "I never fought better than when I fought against the enemy three or four to one." And the grim old fortress seems to carry the atmosphere of bloodthirsty battle about it to this day. It has a ghost too, in the personage of Lady Dunbar, wife of the tenth Viscount Fairfax, who died here of smallpox in 1721.

HELMSLEY

IN the very centre of Yorkshire sits Helmsley. And it is such a dear old place, with a dear old country hotel, that it is a delightful holiday for placid people to sit here for a spell of days and make it a base for a circle of surrounding country, all lovely, all fascinating in landscape, and intriguingly old in its structures. It is a part of Yorkshire quite unlike any other. It stands away in a splendid, richly agricultural isolation.

To Helmsley Castle George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, "that life of pleasure and that soul of



RIEVAULX ABBEY

whim," brought the dissolute Court life of the Restoration. But long before this, in 1070 to be exact, on a snow-covered evening William the Conqueror passed through "Elmeslac" on his devastating march from the Tees to York. Before arriving at "Elmeslac" he had been obliged to spend a night on the bitter cold moor with only six horsemen of his personal bodyguard, having lost touch with his army. Hence no doubt the conception of the splendid fortress of Helmsley when the great man arrived here gratefully. The whole area of the stronghold was eleven acres, and the remains still show clearly the principles of mediæval military architecture. King Charles was glad of it in the Civil Wars, though Sir Thomas Fairfax and his men, who besieged it, dismantled the whole place and blew up the keep; which was the end of "Elmeslac" as a fortress. In 1703 the Duke of Buckingham's trustees found a purchaser for the Helmsley estate in the person of a rich London goldsmith, Sir Charles Duncombe, for £90,000. A goodish deal on the part of these astute gentlemen, especially as at that time the credit of England was very low.

RIEVAULX ABBEY

ALANE leads up out of Helmsley to Rievaulx. You go into a little cottage in a beech-wood, ring a bell, pay a shilling, and then look at one of the greatest views in all England. Properly to appreciate the fascinating scene you must gaze down on the Abbey from the famous Terrace above: an embankment of smooth turf half a mile long, broad enough

for four coaches abreast, and perched on the extreme edge of the hill. Then go down. Below lies the silver-grey ruin of Rievaulx in all its regal dignity and eternal peace, despite the fact that men of H.M. Office of Works draw modern lawn-mowers across the turf of its nave and parties of jubilant sight-seers descend the hill towards it in clamant droves. In the legend of its origin a boy once said, "Here shall God be adored for a space." And so He was. No matter what manner of pagan man or woman may find themselves here: no matter what their faith, or lack of it, here will they find, it will fall upon them unconsciously but inevitably, a curious peace of body and mind. You can see this transfiguration of people every day as you sit upon the Abbey stones. They quieten down: they become poised: they are, as it were, lifted out of themselves; and they go away looking immensely the better for that indefinable *something* Rievaulx has seemingly given to them. . . . Why is it that the birds always sing here in so glorious a chorus? Perhaps *they* know of the respite of Rievaulx? . . . It is most certainly there.

KIRBY MOORSIDE

SEEN from the south it has been fittingly described as a "splash of vivid red, dominated by its white church tower, and backed by a line of purple moor." A romantic little town, full of interesting old buildings. Here died the great Duke of Buckingham in 1687, "the most lively, mercurial, ambitious and licentious genius who ever lived." Two castles once stood

proudly here, but age and disuse have swept them away and only their rough sites remain. The Stutevilles owned one and the famous Neville family the other. So there have been great doings here in the past—though it is hard to visualise any pompous scene here to-day, so peaceful and simple is it all. . . .

KIRKDALE

A LITTLE village of no particular interest—until you come to St. Gregory's church. And then you are enthralled. In 1055 or 1065 it was built. Think of that ! nearly a thousand years ago, and ever since, men and women have walked over these paths to worship God. The sundial over the porch states that the church was rebuilt (!) during the reign of Edward the Confessor. The utter peace of the place envelops you and holds you there. Close by is the famous cave, which somehow gives you quite another and a less pleasant feeling. Quarrymen discovered it by accident in 1821. It used to contain the bones of spotted hyæna, tiger, bear, wolf, cave lion, etc.; and stone implements of prehistoric days. You should wear old clothes in here and provide yourself with chalk and candles when exploring its dank depths. For it is not a nice place in which to lose yourself in the dark !

LASTINGHAM

ONE of the tiniest and loveliest little villages lying in the heart of Yorkshire. It has a most spectacular entry over the high-road from the moors. You dip down and there is its dale and old-world roofs spread before you. Two things kept me for more time than I could well spare. One was the delicious little Norman church with its perfect crypt; and an old tombstone in the churchyard with a curious epitaph. It had a door engraved on the back bearing the words

“And the door was shut.” Mat 25. 10. Now why . . . ?

The other thing was also an inscription, this time over the door of the Post Office :

THE HAP OF A LIFE
GOOD OR ILL
THE CHOICE OF A WIFE

So true; and yet so odd and irrelevant over a place where you stamp the picture postcard—unless it be addressed to her !

SINNINGTON

A **G**AY little place, with a village green and a maypole ! This maypole has obviously been here for a very long time, and it does not require any great stretch of imagination to picture the gala

scenes that have been enacted on summer days and nights on *this* spot. Unfortunately for the romance of the matter, a parochial school-house wall now stands so close to the circumference required by a maypole in good running order that swingers around it now must find their style very much cramped. No school or other building of any nature should be allowed to cramp maypole style. One wonders that producers of light opera and musical comedy have not petitioned local authority about the Sinnington maypole long since. After all it is surely their job?

A great hunting centre is Sinnington. The Sinnington pack of hounds is of very early date. In one of its Hunt songs occur the delicious lines :

“ There’ll be all makes and shapes of horses I ween—
Old prads, and blood tits and fussocks and all.
There’ll be Tommy on Farmer I’ll wager a pound—
Gallops fastest to oats in his stall.

There’ll be Pull-back and Fearnaught, and Hedge-peeping
Tom;
And Sucker and Slimmer and Sly,
On stringhalts, and roarers, both barebacks and pads—
And mebbe there’ll be Mistress Fry.”

Jack Parker, for long the Sinnington huntsman, is remembered vividly throughout this district. Once one of the Cayleys asked Jack to get him a bucket or two of hot water and bring it to his bedroom, as there was no bathroom in the little Northumbrian country inn at which both men were staying.

“ But you had a bath this mornin’, Mr. Cayley,” protested Jack.

“ I know that, and I want another now,” was the reply.

“ All reeght,” assented Jack, “ but all I can say is that you society folk must be a strange mucky-skinned lot. . . . Two baths i’ yan day ! Why, I’ve nobbut had yan i’ me life ! ”

MALTON

BEAUTIFULLY situated on the Derwent, it is the natural trading and social centre for the whole population lying between the moors and the wolds. Here are the Whitewall stables, so long associated with the fame of the late John Scott, "the prince of trainers," who trained sixteen St. Leger winners, six Derby winners and eight winners of the Oaks. Malton has always maintained the Yorkshire tradition by being a great place for horses. One Marmaduke Rawdon, a well-known citizen of York, wrote to a friend in 1664 saying, "Thir (at Malton) is kept the greatest horse faire in England, also itt is a greate faire for cattle, and other comodities which booth English and Scotch sell thir."

KIRKHAM ABBEY

AMID exquisite surroundings, on the edge of the gurgling little river Derwent, in a warm, smiling valley, where the birds seem to sing in great quantities all the year round, and a nerve-soothing peace settles upon you, lies the Augustinian Priory of Kirkham, founded in 1121.

Because of the other spectacular abbeys in Yorkshire, Kirkham has hitherto been relegated by the traveller to a place of secondary importance. This

will not be the case for long now. For the Office of Works has lately come into possession of this magnificent, although almost entirely submerged, ruin and are expecting to find great things as the work of excavation proceeds.

What little is visible above ground, notably the Norman gateway, shows clearly enough that another Rievaulx may soon be exposed to the awed gaze of the world when that most excellent body, "The Ancient Monuments and Buildings Commission," has had time to develop the ten years' work which lies before it. Much of intense interest, however, will become apparent long before that; and by next summer there will be things to see here that nobody living has yet seen. The only danger is that the work may have been delayed too long and that the excavations may weaken to the point of jeopardy the walls that stand above. One can only hope this will not be so. A thousand pities that so much of the glorious dove-grey stone has been pilfered in past years by all and sundry: not the least offenders being adjacent landowners, who ought to have known better. Great barge-loads of the fabric have been flagrantly removed in broad daylight from the riverside. But, happily, such vandalism will occur no more—for the Government has very properly stepped in; to the end that we shall soon be able to picnic and boat once more on this lovely little river and admire the resurrected Kirkham, tended by appreciative hands; as are those other abbeys, no lovelier than this, which give us such sweet thoughts and such infinite peace of mind as we sit gratefully upon their old stones.

CASTLE HOWARD

HERE is yet another of the show places of England. From designs by Sir John Vanbrugh, the 3rd Earl of Carlisle ordered the commencement of building operations in 1702, but the whole immense edifice was not completed until 1731. As a country seat "in the grand manner" there are few more imposing places in England, not excepting even Blenheim, of which Castle Howard is in many respects a copy.

The great park, with its magnificent avenues of elms over a mile long : its stately gardens and general air of grandeur and elegance, are a sight enjoyed by some thousands of visitors annually. To whom a word of advice, and entreaty, on behalf of the present owner, the Hon. Geoffrey Howard. The Castle and grounds may be viewed on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 1 to 5 p.m. On Bank Holidays from 10 to 12 noon and 1 to 5 p.m. Parties of more than twenty must apply by letter to the Estate Office, Castle Howard, before coming.

As the family is very frequently in residence, most graciously throwing open their house and superb grounds to the gaze and enjoyment of the public all the year round, they naturally find the presence of strangers irksome at times other than those stated. But so grand a sight is Castle Howard that the ubiquitous chaps-a-bancs have a way of exploring the park at unauthorised times, which is not in the best of taste. Moreover, the owner has latterly been obliged to put up notices begging the public not to leave empty bottles and quantities of paper about his

property, over which they are roaming at will ! Curious how some privileges become abused. One thinks how one would hate to have complete strangers staring in at one's privacy if this lovely place were one's own; and how extraordinarily kind it is of the Howard family to grant to people the courtesy and freedom here that they do so charmingly and patiently.

HULL

I FIND myself respectfully but emphatically at issue with those who, by the precedent of vague custom, curse Hull. The thieves' litany, "From Hull, Hell and Halifax, good Lord deliver us," is as foolish as it is old. Naturally one does not pick upon Hull as the place for a summer holiday, any more than one chooses Manchester or Wolverhampton for that purpose. But I can, and have, spent days of pleasurable absorption in Hull, wandering about its fourteen miles of docks, watching with a landsman's keen interest the myriad maritime activities that continue there ceaselessly from year's end to year's end.

The Danish pirate ships came in here, right up into the city, as the modern freight liner does to-day. Hull has always been one of our points of direct contact with the great world overseas. For this reason, if for no other, it is a city of continual surprises and vividly arresting studies of men and great seafaring matters which we land folk understand so dimly. An ear-ringed, weather-beaten Scandinavian sits alongside you in a Hull tram : within a few yards of you in the street lies a great ship asleep at her berth, the

grey salt of distant waters still caked upon her funnels : a few yards further on crates are being lifted from holds containing the produce of the uttermost ends of the earth. You sip coffee in a café and listen to deep-eyed men speaking a language you have never heard before. Hull has been trading, with the sea for mistress, ever since Englishmen went down to her in ships—which is a long, long time. Upon her quays has much of our commercial stability been formed; and so we must respect her. For her traditions are of high quality, her energies unflagging, and her industrial value to the Midlands and the North immense; as the 300 miles of railway lines around her docks amply testify.

BEVERLEY

“**S**HAKE a bridle over the grave of a Yorkshire-man and he will arise and steal a horse.” I do not know why this scurrilous old proverb should have come into my mind with such suddenness at Beverley; unless it was that the love and knowledge of the horse is so prevalent in man’s conversation in this old Yorkshire town—more here almost than anywhere else in this “horsey” county, always excepting the lounge of the Talbot at Malton. And if you take a walk in the early morning across the Westwood at Beverley you will see more fine horses than almost anywhere save on Newmarket Heath.

But Beverley is famous for a more striking, and a more serious, phase of our national life. For here it was that St. John of Beverley exercised his famous sanctuary. For a full mile into the open country on

all sides of the Minster was extended the grant of sanctuary to every fleeing criminal, no matter whether even the blood of a priest was on his hands. All criminals loved St. John of Beverley; debtors, murderers, thieves knew well the road across the wolds. Some used to fly to the peace of St. Cuthbert of Durham, who was astonishingly potent in saving the lives of men about to lose them, and who accommodated murderers at the rate of about four a year. Yet over the Westwood came even more often men slinking through the night into Beverley—and none were turned mercilessly away.

They paid subsequently for their sins, after thirty days of sanctuary, by having the letter A, meaning "*Abjure*," branded with a red-hot iron on the fleshy part of the thumb. The Coroner then named a port whence the malefactor had to leave the country for ever. If he could find no passage oversea—his tell-tale bandaged thumb incurring a grim lack of welcome from most ships' captains—he was bound each day to walk out knee-deep in the water, in proof of his goodwill to make the passage. Still, it was more painful to be hanged: so business was always brisk at Beverley in the days of King Henry VII.

"William Hall, late of York, Tailour, on the feast of St. Andrew the Apostle, in the nineteenth year of the reign of King Henry the Seventh, came and sought the peace of St. John of Beverley, for that he had slain his wife, Margaret Hall and that peace was granted him." Did he come hurrying furtively along the wide flat road into Beverley, the Minster standing ghostly in the distant haze? Did he hear the "clap—clip—clop" of the horsemen from York thrusting vengeful behind him; and did he plunge wild-eyed into the heather of the moor on my left? And what fearful thoughts surged through that terrified mind? . . .

Beverley—Beverley! but breath to get there—*breath!* . . .

The finest sight in this part of the world—indeed one of the loveliest buildings in all England—is Beverley Minster, which ranks next to York Minster among the ecclesiastical structures of the county. It exhibits different styles of exquisite Gothic architecture, the oldest part being of the thirteenth century. The Choir contains the celebrated Percy shrine, of the most beautiful workmanship. Hardly less lovely is the old cruciform church of St. Mary. Lovers of ecclesiastical architecture and “the peace which passeth all understanding,” that seems to overlay all such ancient holy places, should spare no effort to rest awhile in the precincts of York and Beverley’s Minsters. The sight of them is worth the duress of almost any journey.

HORNSEA AND WITHERNSEA

I BRACKET these two little Yorkshire seaside towns together because, by reason of their situation, they are the natural rendezvous of the Hull citizen on holiday, being both only a few miles distant from that city. Hornsea was a lovely little town until the Hull folk began to seek rest and a sea blow there. The Hornsea men, be it noted, were quite pleased “in the good old days”—and nights!—to be left in this splendid isolation, the better that they might continue in seclusion those practices so prevalent and profitable along much of our eastern coast-line. But it seems, according to a well-known authority on the

subject, that for a certain very definite reason the smugglers of Hornsea turned over simultaneously an entirely new leaf in 1732 and remained good for ever afterwards. A thunderstorm seems to have wrought this miracle.

On the night of the 23rd December, 1732, the parish clerk was, according to his wont, adding to his store of illicit merchandise in a most excellent *cache*, namely the church crypt. Indeed the vaults of Hornsea church at this festive season were particularly full of things that should not have been there—as doubtless were the cellars of quite a number of houses in the neighbourhood. While the clerk was checking his inventory of the hollands and lace, sugar and spice and all things nice, an unusually fierce gale sprang up. It rose from Hornsea Mere, the largest fresh-water lake in Yorkshire, swept seawards, gathering fury, stripped the roofs off many of the houses, felling trees in all directions. When it reached the church it carried inwards the great east window, which came crashing into the Choir, the whole fabric rocked precariously, and the clerk, crouching over his ill-gotten gains below ground, saw clearly in all this the judgment of God, fell down in a fit and became paralysed next morning. The superstitious sea-faring folk, with twitching consciences, saw what a narrow escape *they* had had, and, taking the grim lesson to heart, went away and sinned no more. But one cannot resist the reflection that probably the Excise officers of that day had a different version of the affair.

Withernsea sits placidly on that inward sweep of coast that terminates at Flamborough Head. A quiet little place, unspoilt and charming. It has resisted with a commendable determination every effort of the continually encroaching sea to swallow it up, and remains the ideal spot for the family man on his annual holiday. For there are no frills and furbelows

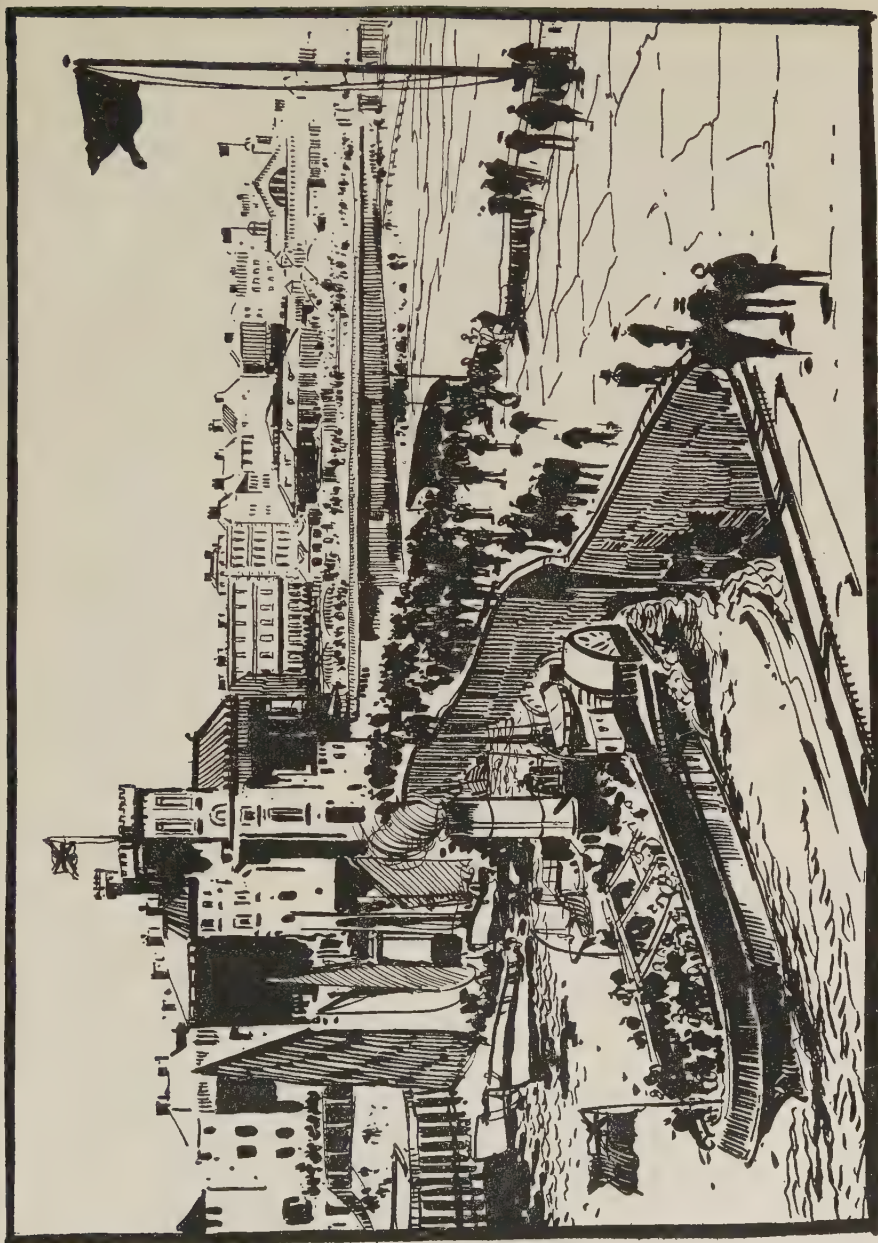
here: merely luscious sea air and sands and great appetites and the simple life—which means health and happiness long before the end of any seaside holiday along this bracing, nerve-toning coast.

BRIDLINGTON

ANOTHER deservedly popular Yorkshire holiday centre. Some people call it “Burlington”—an almost better name, since this is traceable to the Norse word “*berlinger*,” meaning smooth water, an appropriate term here. An idea of its popularity can be gauged by the fact that in some years the Railway Company have brought here as many as 400,000 visitors and excursionists during the summer months.

Bridlington does not aspire to be a staid, quiet place. On the contrary, everything about it, from its harbour crowded with scudding craft, its immense playground of smooth, tide-washed sands, its thronged Prince's Parade, its giant ballroom, implies intensive merri-ment on a large and happy scale. And why not? I can spend a thoroughly enjoyable day there merely watching other people enjoying themselves by the ten thousand; people who have worked infernally hard in the Midlands, Lancashire and the West Riding for this brief holiday and deserve every moment of it. And could any place have been better designed by Nature for a respite from continuous hard work in a crowded city than this?

The air is the very finest man can wish for. It comes in from the North Sea on the one side and the wolds on the other. And as the Flamborough cliffs



BRIDLINGTON

screen it from the cold North the bathing is superb, owing to the flat illimitable sands, on which there is no danger for anyone. The boating is also perfectly safe and unusually cheap. It has become a matter of continual amusement to a wanderer like myself to find local enthusiasts at nearly every coast town I go to assuring me that they have finer weather than any *other* Corporation can boast of. The curious thing is that they usually produce statistics in support of their argument, which, naturally, completely and immediately disarm me. Anyway, they produced charts to me once at Bridlington, culled from a source which in veracity is like unto Cæsar, and I paid due homage to the fact accordingly. Readily enough too, since I came there out of rain that particular morning and returned to it elsewhere that night: whereas at Bridlington they had "had no rain," and their heavens certainly *looked* as if they would never rain again. Even if it does rain they make such a feature of their indoor amusements in Bridlington that a wet day seems to pass almost as quickly and as gaily as a fine.

You would never imagine when looking over Bridlington, with its spick and span promenades and its thoroughly modern manners and customs, that twice in past years it left a sudden and deep mark on history. But it did. When war burst over England between King Charles and his Parliament in 1642, both sides at once endeavoured to get control of the Navy. Charles wrote to each captain individually, ordering him to sail forthwith to Burlington Bay. But the Earl of Warwick, as Parliamentary Admiral of the Fleet, frustrated his plan. The beloved Queen, Henrietta Maria, took up her quarters here, and was heavily bombarded at the unseemly hour of 5 a.m.; to the end that she had to leave her bed very hastily and seek undignified sanctuary in a ditch. "You may

imagine," she wrote calmly to the King, "that I did not like the music."

The other little matter concerned the American War of Independence, the calm night of September 23rd, 1779, and one Paul Jones. Captain Jones had the acquisitive habit at sea rather strongly developed in his character. Now the predilection on the part of other people for their goods and chattels never has found favour with the British seafaring man; so that when the American freebooter appeared hereabouts and began aggressive tactics against our Baltic fleet of merchantmen, though in command of six formidable ships mounting in all 204 guns, he was immediately attacked by the convoying men-of-war, *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*, total 66 guns only; and as pretty a little naval scrap as any sailor could wish to see was indulged in forthwith, the population of Burlington watching absorbed from the cliff edge.

It is sad to relate—and Captain Pearson commanding *Serapis* simply loathed writing his subsequent report to the Admiralty—that the British ships were overborne and had to surrender; but not until after five hours' close hand-to-hand fighting in which fearful punishment was inflicted upon Paul Jones's side, whose shattered vessels eventually limped back to France as best they could with the loss of their flagship, a large quantity of specie, hundreds of men, and *without* any of our Baltic ships as loot.

Some idea of the stout show put up by *Serapis* may be gleaned from the following extract from Captain Pearson's report :

" . . . At last we dropped alongside of each other head and stern, when the fluke of our spare anchor hooping his quarter we became so close, fore and aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides. In this position we engaged from half-past ten, during

which time, from the great quantity and variety of combustible matters which they threw in upon our decks, and in short into every part of the ship, we were on fire no less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion imaginable at times that we were able to get extinguished. At the same time the largest of the two frigates kept sailing round us the whole action, and raking us fore and aft, by which means she killed and wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks. . . .”

The fear of this ogre Paul Jones was rife throughout England for some time after this bloody affray at Bridlington. So much so, that on the 8th December following, the Speaker had just taken his seat with his accustomed grave dignity in the House of Commons when the report spread through the lobby that Paul Jones was at that very moment *sitting in the gallery!* Panic ensued. Armed janitors ascended. There *was* a Paul Jones in the Strangers' Gallery true enough. But he was only a harmless tailor of that name.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

THIS lovely corner of the coast is a favourite resort for visitors staying at Bridlington, Filey or Scarborough. Bare, bleak, precipitous, wind-swept, it is not loved by sailors. But it is honey-combed with caves, and was, in the “good old days,” yet another almost impregnable stronghold of the

prosperous smuggling trade. In spite of the deadly currents, sheer cliffs and sunken rocks, the local folk have always made use of two "Landings" here, convenient for the caves. One of the many caves has a roof nearly 50 feet high; nearly all of them are deep and excitingly sinister. It would never surprise me to stumble upon a keg of priceless old brandy at the far end of these underworlds. I wish I could! Do not seek to explore some of these caves without local guidance: the tide comes hurtling in with extreme suddenness. But at low water they are nearly all safe enough, and frightfully thrilling. Some very queer fish have been landed here!

The white cliffs are terraced by hundreds of little ledges which you cannot see. Something seems to be stirring on the face of the inaccessible abyss, giving an appearance of perpetual motion to the solid rock, as you crane over (be careful where you do this!) or gaze up from your boat. Suddenly some signal in the bird kingdom is given, or a motor-car backfires on the road above; there is a whirring caw, and instantly thousands of birds wheel off the face of the cliff, flashing gloriously black and white in the sun.

There must be tens of thousands of sea-birds here: a great sight. Still more exciting is it to see the men taking the eggs. But you must be here at the end of May or the beginning of June to see that. A man is let down over the edge by a rope; round his waist he wears a strong belt of padded leather. Huge bags hang on each side of him, which he fills with the blue eggs, and is pulled up on a given signal. A hot job, and a hazardous: extremely unpopular with the birds. But the locals here have never liked the birds very much. Possibly because, in the "good old days," they had an extremely inconvenient habit of being startled by the noise of a case or a keg hitting a rock below, and ascending shrilly and in white clouds heavenwards;

thereby giving the entire show away to a couple of Excise officers lying vigilantly in wait on the turf of the cliff edge above. This style-cramping business on the part of the selfish birds must have been maddening to a poor hard-working fisherman below. No wonder the present-day descendants of those enterprising mariners take the eggs annually with such grim relish.

FILEY

A TRIM little place : well kept : sedate : unostentatious : extremely healthy. It grows on you. When getting out at the station you see nothing of it—which is often the way of the nice places. But in a bend of the road the little shy town appears with its one main street, which drops as shyly to the sea. On a lower level, as it were quite apart from the buying and selling of life, spreads the short sea front with its row of simple apartment houses (you have a feeling that these landladies are comfortable, kindly Yorkshire women who really *do* understand what Yorkshire pudding is with beef on Sundays), its strip of mown grass, its low railing and its mile-long sands.

The sands are to Filey what the Spa is to Scarborough : the world throngs them. They are most alluring sands : flat, firm, safe. The sort of sands that you use for bathing from and slacking on in the heat of the morning, and play Rugger on after tea. Steep cliffs shut away the south-westerly gales at one end and the famous Filey Brig buttresses you from the north-easter at the other ; so that in between there is a vast, flat playground and leisure ground for both sexes and all ages.

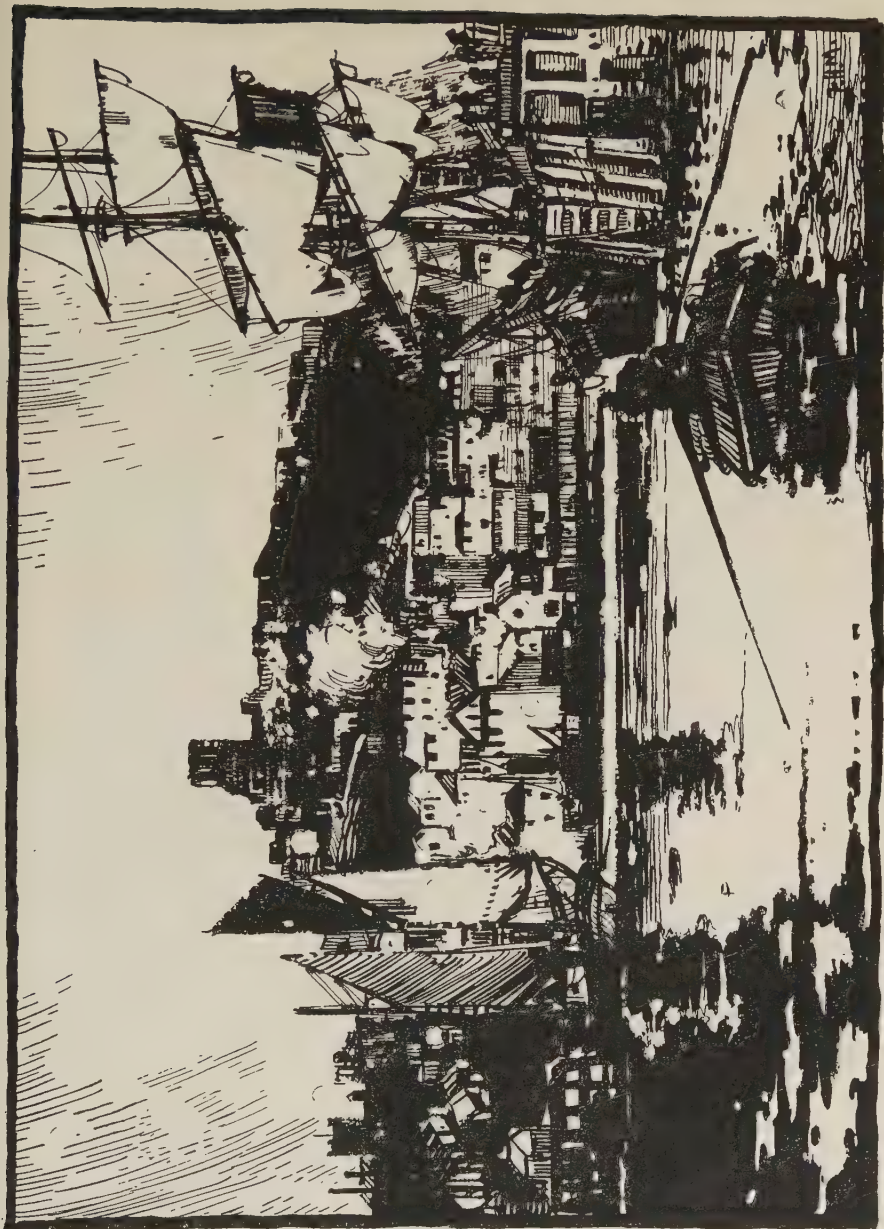
“The Brig” is the *chef-d’œuvre* of Filey—and rightly so. A promontory of rocks, volcanic obviously, stretching far out to sea, so that at all times of tide there is fun and the boisterousness of dashing waves to be found here. A great place is this for picnics when the tide is low. An exhilarating walk along the shore and then an infinity of climbing, and “cubby-holes” for the kettle, and sun-traps out of the wind, and queer, exciting crab pools—and a spice of danger when the tide is coming in.

Round the sudden corner of the Brig rocks the north-easter hits you bang in the face; and great lumps of wind-thrown spume drift past you. You try to catch these great lumps of Lux—for that is what they feel and look like—but the moment you grasp them they “go to all nothing,” as a child put it so aptly to me once, delight in her dancing eyes.

The stroll home in the soft evening to the accompaniment of the sea’s eternal song, and the habitations of Filey look under the setting sun like a collection of dolls’ houses perched on the edge of the shore—an enchanting spectacle. Not the least surprising to me that people, whole families of people from all over England, come here year after year—nor to them!

SCARBOROUGH

SCARBOROUGH has been aptly described as “the glory of the English coast.” She has also been termed, in rather less adroit language, “the Queen of Watering-places.” But whatever phraseology of compliment you see fit to use you are probably well justified. We English have come to accept our beauty



SCARBOROUGH

spots rather as a matter of course, there are so many of them; but it is when you talk to a foreigner in a place like Scarborough that you realise how very lucky Yorkshire—and all England—is in the possession of a territory filled with so constant a delight to the eye, mind and body as is this very old, modernised holiday centre.

Scarborough has so many attractive characteristics that one should not attempt to describe them in detail for fear of appearing rather ridiculously partisan. The outstandingly nice thing about this tremendously popular place must, however, be alluded to. In most large seaside towns, by the very nature of their configuration, the visitors of all classes who want to stay there, all more or less at the same time, find themselves somewhat irked by the propinquity of each other. The gentleman in possession of the Phantom Rolls does not want to share the same square yard of sand with the gentleman whose holiday savings have, possibly, been gleaned from the minding of a machine tool in a Midland factory; and if the machine-minder has perforce to listen daily to the conversation of the Phantom Roller while on his holiday he will not go to that place again: life is like this.

It is in this respect that Scarborough scores heavily over other places. It caters equally charmingly for the "four hundred" as for the four million; and the one class is not embarrassed by the other. The reason, put briefly, lies in the fact that there are two towns in one here. The broad headland, girt with the battlements of the old Castle, divides the North (or people's) Sands from the South (or Spa-dom) so effectually that the one population cannot see the other, and both are therefore happy while both are enjoying the delicious air, sun, sparkle and general *joie de vivre* which seems to be the birthright of this part of the world from early spring to late autumn. But you can walk from the

Foreshore Road in the South Bay along Sandside and the new Marine Drive, right round the cliff's edge to the North Bay and all the massed amusements in full swing thereabouts.

The big shopping town is a Tom Tiddler's ground wherein all men and all women are equal. The adjacent moors, lying carpeted with their summer glory of gorse bloom and all their inimitable beauty, are so vast an expanse of fascinating territory that classes and masses can explore them in splendid isolation.

On both the North side and on the South Foreshore municipal enterprise is seen at its very best. At no place in Great Britain has the artificial development of a seaside town been planned and executed with more imagination and æsthetic success than here. It is worth the while of the most Phantomy person to adventure from his side over to their side, along the Marine Drive, to study the manner in which the Corporation in a dozen different ways has arranged matters for the enjoyment of the very large crowds of people who converge upon this district daily during holiday periods. Wherever there is an open space, authority has acquired it and laid it out efficiently *and prettily* for the public use and enjoyment. Indeed one-fifteenth of the borough—202 acres to be exact—now consists of parks and pleasure-grounds. The neighbouring landowners too have entered thoroughly, and charmingly, into the spirit of the thing, to the end that woods and parks in the vicinity, of which there are plenty, are thronged daily by picnic parties, and to find anywhere in this countryside a threatening notice as to “trespassers” would be an exceedingly difficult matter.

The South Cliff is a really beautiful place of an entirely different kind. What was once a bare, steep and very uninviting cliff stretching down to those wide,

smooth sands is now a succession of entrancing terraces, tree-covered and thoroughly *Côte-d'Azur* in appearance, interspersed with flower-gardens and sheltered seats that are a joy to people of both sexes and all ages.

The South Cliff's *pièce de résistance* is, of course, the Spa. Hither gravitates the fashionable world, morning, afternoon and evening—and far into the night on a gala dance occasion! The origin of the Spa goes back to 1620, when a certain Mrs. Farrow discovered that the fresh spring water bubbling out of the cliff side here had marked medicinal properties. Ever since, and primarily for purposes of personal benefit, the world and his wife has thronged this particular spot during “the season.” One assumes that if you want to drink the waters now you can. Nobody seems to. But they are all attracted by the magnet of “the Spaw,” as the local people call it, because it is in effect an immense sun-trap by day and a glittering world of revelry by night. Extremely well organised and maintained; cosmopolitan as to its cafés; crowded and exciting as to the large municipal bathing pool which adjoins it; aided and abetted in its magnetism by one of the best orchestras in the country—you cannot keep away from the spell of the Spa, which is insidious and insistent: in fact unique amongst all the holiday attractions up and down this coast. Incidentally the Ganton golf course, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Scarborough, is one of the finest inland courses in the North of England.

There is a galaxy of games to be seen played at Scarborough in the “Festival” season. The Cricket Festival in September is famous throughout England. Then you will see teams like the M.C.C. *v.* Yorkshire; Gentlemen *v.* Players, and possibly Mr. Thornton's (England) XI. It has for fifty years been the custom to officially wind up the first-class cricket season at

Scarborough—so hither come many of the great ones of the game.

The great Tennis Tournament on the Filey Road courts in August is another tremendous attraction; for then the North of England and the Yorkshire Championships are held, and thousands of people go to see them played.

A SCARBOROUGH DRIVE

WHEN you are staying in Scarborough, as you certainly will do one day if you want to view the scene and share the amusements of England's most spectacular seaside town, a delightful drive awaits you one summer afternoon in this country of afternoon drives through four of Yorkshire's most typical villages, than which there are none more picturesque in their old-world simplicity in all Britain. Through the Forge Valley, so named because there was once an old monastic forge hereabouts, to Ayton. A village divided in two by the broad Derwent stream: the sort of English village that home-sick men dream about in the lonely outposts of Empire. History looms over it in the ruins of its Edwardian castle, whose foundations once spread over an acre; but meditative cows stand there now.

Through Hutton Bushel, where over the south door of the church is an old sundial which reminds us pointedly, if a little scholastically, that "Time wasted is Existence: used it is Life."

To Wykeham, another dear old spot, where a great Abbey once stood, founded by Pain Fitz Osbert de

Wycham in 1153. Then to Brompton and on to Ebberston, close to the "Bloody Field," the site of the battle between King Alfred of Northumbria and his relative Oswin. They will show you an opening in the rocks, called ever since "Alfred's Hole," where the King crawled to die of his wounds. A pleasanter reflection on Brompton is that Wordsworth was married here to Mary Hutchinson on October 4th, 1802.

And Thornton le Dale. People affirm this is "the prettiest village in Yorkshire." It is a brave and a dogmatic man or woman who persists in this statement; for you will ask by what standard one lovely spot can be set against another, since so many of these Yorkshire villages are so beautiful? But it has an absorbing atmosphere, especially when you lean on the railings of the village green, enclosing the spot where for hundreds of years the market was held in the shade of the huge tree. The Market Cross is probably over 600 years old, though the village stocks for the malefactors at its foot are of comparatively recent date.

When you have been able to drag yourself away from this romantic place you will go on to Pickering. And here you will pause for a long time. Pickering is as old as it is mysterious. Controversy has often been busy as to the date of Pickering's beginnings. Tradition puts it at three centuries before the Roman Legions overran this land. With the Norman Conquest it has firm relationship by the ruins of its wonderful castle; the almost unique frescoes on the walls of its church will take you back as far as the modern mind can grasp with any vividness. There is something particularly pleasing about this church. I shall, I hope, be acquitted of irreverence by saying that it is a cheerful church. It stands on an eminence in the centre of this highly atmospheric town as it were smiling a dignified benediction on all who pass this way. It

gives you a feeling of mental poise and fortitude the moment you enter it. I don't feel like this about all churches : I literally hate leaving Pickering's.

I wish one knew more about this once sumptuous castle with its five towers, its grim keep and its colossal walls. King John stayed there in 1201, and the wretched Richard II was moved there from one of his dread dungeons to another: Henry IV sat in judgment there; and the pomp of Richard III's retinue pranced, a banner-fluttering cavalcade, through the great gates on its way to Bosworth Field. Now its only activity is the solemn game of bowls played by the Pickering men on the floor of one of its turfed halls. But you have only to wander as you may, unhampered by officialdom, about its courts and walls to feel the drama of English history flowing over you in waves of vague wonderment. Tremendous scenes were enacted here : armoured knights on those big Flemish horses moved in and out with their clattering escorts : women with high head-dresses waved to them from the now gaping windows—and later Cromwell's Ironsides battered it all down. But the glory of it and the mystery and the regality remain for all time.

RAVENSCAR

THERE are two coastal places within a few miles of Scarborough which attract all manner of folk unfailingly. One of these is Ravenscar. After the somewhat hectic gaieties of "the Queen of Watering-places" a picnic basket on the Undercliff at Ravenscar or a contemplative pipe from the dramatic height

of the upper cliff edge is a soothing antidote. Here you are on the highest point of the grand Yorkshire coast : 600 feet below you the sea frets the wide shore : to right and left some of our finest coast-line scenery is spread before you. On a windy day the sunshine and shadows sweeping the grim rocks, coves and apple-green turf is a sight not easily forgotten. The view is superb. On the Undercliff whole hours may be spent in complete solitude on grassy knolls, amongst the jackdaws and sea-birds and wild-flowers, in cosy corners out of the wind, in sun-trap terraces of rock, on wide turfed plateaux, on heather sprinkled slopes.

Some years ago the speculative builder fastened his eyes upon Ravenscar and the place was marked down for "development." Roads were actually laid : auctions of "attractive residential building plots" were actually held ; the inimitable beauties of Nature were in grave jeopardy. But Nature won (as she always does), because you cannot build a seaside town upon an unscalable cliff edge with a mass of rocks all over the shore with any hope of getting your money back ; and the enterprise came to naught. So the once optimistic speculator went away sorrowful, like the young man in the Bible, for, as with him, their possessions availed them nothing. And now Ravenscar is left with its own beauty. In its present wild and lovely state it probably affords more real pleasure to the hundreds of admiring, ozone-sniffing people who wander hereabouts from gay Scarborough than it ever would to such as might have hazarded a dwelling on the wind-swept edge of this rugged Yorkshire coast.

HAYBURN WYKE

THE train takes you seven miles out of Scarborough (walking by the cliff path it is nearly ten) to another very beautiful place, the exact opposite of Ravenscar. For at Hayburn Wyke you can wander and picnic in what is virtually a forest actually to the water's edge. This is one of the very few places in all England where the woods go down to the sea. In the South they call this sort of thing a "chine." But a mere name is of no moment; and it is really very exciting and amusing to get out at a funny little station buried in the woods and to know that on the outer edge of these woods lies the North Sea! Fascinating little "cubby-holes" of seats are placed about these woods. You sit down and listen: then you hear the "zoomp s-i-isssh zo-nk" of the waves; *but you can't see them*: the effect is most odd and thrilling. The woods seem somehow as if they ought not to be here at all—and are much more welcome for that very reason. There is one exciting rendezvous called "Prospect Glen" where you can sit on a little seat and gaze over the tree-tops and see the sparkling ocean beyond. Sometimes you will come suddenly upon a tiny hole, as it were, in the forest wall and there is a glimpse of sea—but only for a moment, for the narrow secretive paths twist away and you are plunged instantly into the leafy gloom. You will certainly lose your way, and be thankful that you have—it is all the more fun; and somebody will find you again in a few minutes. And finally, thoroughly invigorated, steeped in the glamour and beauties of this unique spot, and terribly hungry, you will climb the short way back

to the little hotel at the top, alongside the station, there to have a new-laid egg with your tea and agree that you have enjoyed "every minute of it." . . .

The train is due—and away has slipped yet another "priceless" day. But there is the Scarborough Spa to-night, and *that* is . . . well, we all know about that.

ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

THERE is no gainsaying it, this is a most exciting place. It is an adventure first of all getting down into the little town; for you leave your motor-car or "charra" at the top of the cliff and, as it were, climb down its face—for so it seems. There is also a service of trains at cheap rates from Scarborough during the summer season to this popular bay.

Everything about it is exciting and vividly interesting. The indescribable jumble of the chaotic little houses facing each other across a few feet of cobbled street. The labyrinthine alley-ways, sudden corners and cavernous openings with grim, secretive front doors in nebulous backgrounds. The fisher-folk themselves—*i. e.* the entire population—are for the most part the direct descendants of the Danes: a Bayman finds himself able to converse quite freely with a Dane even to-day while speaking in the pure vernacular himself—"it comes natural like." This is an ideal little place for a summer holiday, if only for the extreme picturesqueness of its setting and the charming friendliness of the local people.

Fishing has been the Bayman's whole life and out-

look for centuries. It is a family affair. Syndicates in ships are the custom : families taking fourth and eighth shares. And while the men were away in the old days the married daughters lived with the parents for companionship in the same houses. Thus you will find most of the old houses are held on 1000-year leases—an inviolate stronghold of tradition and usage is The Bay : at no place in Britain is the unity of the family life more tenaciously clung to and respected.

But the most exciting atmosphere hanging over the town is the smuggling. One says to oneself as one gropes about the cobbles, "WHAT a magnificent place for the contraband trade : How they must have revelled in it." They did, of course. It is questionable whether there was any place in all Britain at one time where wholesale smuggling was carried on so systematically and successfully as in this bay. They had everything in their favour. The rocks and coves were ideal for stow-holes. The entire cargo of the largest schooner afloat could be "disposed of" in a few hours hereabouts. There was scarcely a house that had not got its secret hiding-place, its false wall, its sliding panel, its concealed rock cellar. The Revenue cutter was "all at sea" when it came prying into this harbour, and its officers must have wandered hopelessly in its alley-ways. The entire town was up to the eyes in it, and so not a mouth moved when sternly cross-examined. Moreover, the whole countryside was deeply involved in the business also. The Excise authorities lurked vigilantly on the moors above. But with little success, for all the farmers and alum-workers in the local mines were receivers of the hollands, the rum, the silk, etc. The Government was defied.

Enters, therefore, stealthily and highly profitably to himself, one Robin Hood. We know that when Sherwood Forest became too heavily patrolled by the



ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

King's men to be healthy or amusing for this gay rascal he sought sanctuary—and a little bit of business—on the wild moors and the fishing villages that clung like barnacles to the precipitous Yorkshire cliffs. One can easily picture the joy he derived from this bay, and the plunder! Every man's hand was "agin the Government" here. So was his. They have no certainty of his one-time presence here to-day if you question them. Certain it is, though, that he *was* here, often enough. Every little cubby-hole and dagger-sticking corner seems redolent of his laughing, elusive presence. And how they must have loved him, these chuckling marauders. And how he must have robbed *them*, chuckling as he did so. A gay dog—but a sportsman, and so beloved of all the men of those days, and those nights.

PICKERING-WHITBY LINE

A VERY pleasant moment is it when your train from London steams into Pickering station, now on the last lap of its journey to Whitby. To sleep or read through this last hour of the journey is a great mistake. It will be full of a thousand delights for you from both carriage windows. Indeed, after the West Highland line to Mallaig—than which there is nothing in the way of railway scenery more lovely in all the world—I know of no region where you get the spectacular variety of views that you enjoy on this dramatic stretch of the huge L.N.E.R. system.

It is really a succession of quick peeps at all the types of Yorkshire scenery and environment shown to

you, much as are the Topical Events on the screen—all too quickly. And all these enjoyments are waiting for you through the coming holiday. It is all here in miniature. Turbulent, rock-bound rivers, cosy valleys, sleepy hollows, woods, moors, deep ravines, mountains (or so they seem). You look across tree-tops at one moment, along the broad acres of agriculture the next. Here a tranquil little village, there a desert of grouse-crouching heather land. Glimpses presently of the sea—and then you are whisked away round a sharp corner, hurtled through a granite cutting and you emerge on the edge of a precipice, while far below splashes a trout stream absolutely chock-full of fish, you'll be bound. The hour slips by in what seems a few minutes only, so utterly absorbed have you been by all this beauty.

The building of the Pickering-Whitby line may have been, undoubtedly was, a great engineering feat. It is also the finest permanent advertisement of the beauties of its country any railway could possibly wish for.

WHITBY

WHITBY will always be a popular place because Nature has endowed it with three unchangeable attributes—a spectacular seashore, an enchanting river and the always magnificent moors close at hand. For these reasons, if for no others, people are never bored with their leisure here; though the town has in truth provided plenty of amusement in addition. Unkind people say that the new Spa is an immature



edition of the famous rendezvous at Scarborough. This is not so. The very smallness and intimacy of Whitby's cliff Spa is its great charm, especially after dinner, when the excellent orchestra is playing and a regal-looking sun is setting in the west.

The sea is bathed in and sat by during the morning; the river Esk is explored in boats in the afternoon, or the moors are picnicked upon; and the harbour promenade or the Spa terrace is lounged upon at night. Wherefore people come to Whitby in larger numbers every year. It has two other features of peculiar fascination. It is a twin town. "Old as the hills" on one side of the river, sprightly and modern and quietly efficient on the other. To stay on the west cliff for your creature comforts, and to wander in the old-fashioned purlieus of the east for your mental absorption is one of the most alluring holiday aspects I know. And from the windows of your west cliff hotel the view of the old town, which was a thriving fishing village in 654 and has been ever since, with its cluster of red roofs, crowned with the grey glory of the ancient Abbey on the hill-top, is one of the most picturesque urban panoramas in all England.

The harbour and its ceaseless activities are a source of delight at all times. There is always something going on. And as you sit on a jetty seat and watch the little motor auxiliary fishing boats thudding in and out, your mind drifts naturally to the Whitby of the past. It had a great history. You think of the Abbey, which was destroyed by the Danes about 870; and how it lay desolate for two hundred years thereafter. And how, after the Norman Conquest, it was rebuilt by William de Percy and became very rich and prosperous until Henry VIII despoiled it again in 1540.

The years rush over Whitby as you sit there basking in the sun and thinking. You reflect on the tremendous importance to England its ship-building and fishing

used to be. In the course of fifty years nearly 3000 whales, to say nothing of seals, were brought into this harbour. Of how Captain Cook, the great navigator, was apprenticed here, and how Whitby-built vessels bore him on those cruises which were the wonder and admiration of the world. How in 1835 George Stephenson and George Hudson, "the railway king," met here, their conference resulting in the conception of the "East Coast Route" between London and Scotland.

And back your thoughts flit again to the earlier years. Of the smuggling and piracy nights in and around this town. Of gay Robin Hood's frequent visits here, where he was very popular with the Abbot, whom he used to amuse after dinner with displays of archery. Why did Robin Hood come so often to Whitby? To attend services in the Abbey? Not a bit of it. He admitted the real reason :

"The fishermen more money have
Than any merchants, two or three !"

How came all this money into the poor fishermen's pockets? There were ways and means of making much money in Whitby with a stout craft, a favouring wind and a dark night in those daring times.

So, however modern and energetic and up-to-date our holiday is at Whitby, in the background of all our days and nights here hangs the dramatic curtain of history. We can draw it aside mentally and peer into the past more readily and fruitfully on a harbour seat in Whitby than at almost any other place along all this romantic coast line.

BEHIND WHITBY

RUSWARP—Sleights—Egton—Glaisdale—Lealholm—Danby—and thence home over the moors to Whitby, is our itinerary for the moment.

Ruswarp and Sleights are only a mile or two from Whitby, charming little spots on the banks of the Esk. Indeed they are favourite boating resorts for Whitby visitors who picnic in the woods all along the banks for considerable distances.

Egton makes a capital trip by train from Whitby. You go to Egton Bridge station. If you want to see the picturesque village you go uphill from here. If the Arncliffe Woods, downhill to the river and bridge. The views here are extremely pretty, and in marked contrast to the wild moorland scenery above.

Glaisdale is nine miles by rail from Whitby, and is as convenient for exploring the lovely Arncliffe Woods as is Egton. The neighbourhood is renowned for its fishing, coursing and hunting. The famous Beggar's Bridge at Glaisdale is associated with a gentleman called Tom Ferrers, who in 1621 was in the habit of crossing it on his way to pay clandestine visits to a farmer's daughter in the neighbourhood. Why it should have achieved fame on his account has never been clear to the writer, whose affection for it is based on the picturesqueness and age of its structure, Tom Ferrers or no Tom Ferrers.

Lealholm and Danby are both most picturesque villages and are the gates, as it were, to the Cleveland dales and moors. All keen fishermen know and love this part of Yorkshire. All these villages hereabouts are ideal places for tea during an afternoon's walk from

Whitby. In the small market town of Castleton, one of the inns, the "Robin Hood," displays the alluring invitation outside :

"Kind gentlemen and yeomen good,
Call in and drink with Robin Hood;
If Robin Hood be not at home,
Step in and drink with Little John."

Well, you have simply *got* to have one here, whether you meet Little John or not; it sounds so friendly.

But at Great Ayton, a neighbouring village, the owner of a temperance hostelry has gone to the other extreme with :

"A public-house without the drink,
Where men may stop, read, talk and think,
Then safely home return."

'This seems to me to be assuming more of ones' fellow-creatures' foibles in these parts than is fully justified!

From the Cleveland hills to the north, right down to Pickering, the whole countryside is moor-covered. You cannot walk from Whitby for very many miles upon these lovely open spaces in the day. But everyone staying anywhere in this part of Yorkshire should make a point, whatever other allurements beckons (and there are many), to devote at least one whole day to the moors. Then you will only see a speck of them. Then you will insist on wandering upon them again, for their scenery is exquisite, their colouring unforgettable at all seasons of the year, their mystery profound and their general atmosphere and attraction unique in all England.



RUNSWICK BAY

THE NORTH YORKSHIRE COAST

GOING north from Whitby along this Yorkshire coast you will find five interesting places, all utterly different, all interesting in their own individual way and full of character.

The first of these is Sandsend. It is, in effect, a suburb of Whitby, three miles distant therefrom. But it has no share in Whitby's galaxy of gaiety. It stands quite apart from all this : is a little seaside hamlet only, and would much rather be that than anything else. There is the cliff, the sea road and the shore, one or two extremely friendly-looking small hotels, some excellent tennis courts, privacy and *bonhomie*. The sort of place where, say, four families, knowing each other, would have "a marvellous holiday." The sort of place where you can wear Rugger shorts all day long and not feel conspicuous. The sea bangs against the wall immediately underneath your bedroom window—the odd piece of thrown soap would reach the water. For some this kind of place is all that mortal man or woman could desire. I am inclined to agree with them.

RUNSWICK BAY

LIES at the foot of a very steep hill "impracticable for motors." The children used to dance on the cliff edge singing the favourite village song, beginning :

"Souther, wind, souther,
And blow father home to mother."

But with the advent of the auxiliary motor into the modern fishing boat the song of the children lost its point and has now been forgotten. A fishing village hidden away in a deep bay. An ideal spot for people who want, so to speak, to hide themselves when on their holiday; not a popular place with the day excursionist—therefore sought rather eagerly by the opposite kind of person. It has a lovely quiet shore with the moorland coming right down to the edge of it. At the end of the moors and the beginning of the sea you pitch your little bathing tent, and for a few weeks the united family is at peace with all the world. You are away from everyone—and everyone is away from you. The seamen of Runswick are noted for their skill and daring. Their great harvest here at certain times of the year is crabs: as many as twenty score being sometimes brought ashore in a morning. The sight of these 400 crabs, all ready to move in aggressive self-defence if untied, does not encourage you to get too close to the writhing baskets. But oh! what delicious dishes of “dressed crab” the homely Runswick fishwives can produce at hungry tea-time!

STAITHES

IS a dramatic little place when it discloses itself to you. A fisherman's stronghold of the best kind. A secretive little place, primitive, fascinating. Until the railway came Staithes knew little, and cared less, for the rest of the world. Down in this narrow gully to the sea the people were born, married, died, an

isolated community. With sheer cliffs on three sides, its front door is the sea. You would never believe there was any habitation hereabouts until you pass over the railway bridge and see it suddenly spread before you. The station is on the high ground in rear, and to reach the little township, if such it can be called, you go down a break-neck road skirting a deep ravine, whose slopes are used as vegetable gardens. The women here work as hard as the men; and in the cod season you see stalwart women in sea-boots hauling great fish about by the gills and labouring for hours in a manner that would no doubt tire you and me in a few minutes.

Staithes' chief claim to fame lies in the fact that here Captain Cook served as a lad behind the counter of the small drapery and grocery shop—one of a row of small houses washed away by an angry sea in 1740—until the tales of the local fishermen so fired him that he ran away to Whitby to begin a career that the whole world spoke of admiringly before many years had passed. Two miles north of Staithes is Boulby Cliff (666 feet), with one exception the highest point on the coast of England.

SALTBURN

ANOTHER of North Yorkshire's popular seaside holiday places, Saltburn is a breezy and refreshing spot. It is an entirely modern town and aims at being up-to-date in everything it builds and does. It has really wonderful sands upon which high-speed motor races are not infrequently held. Its high level

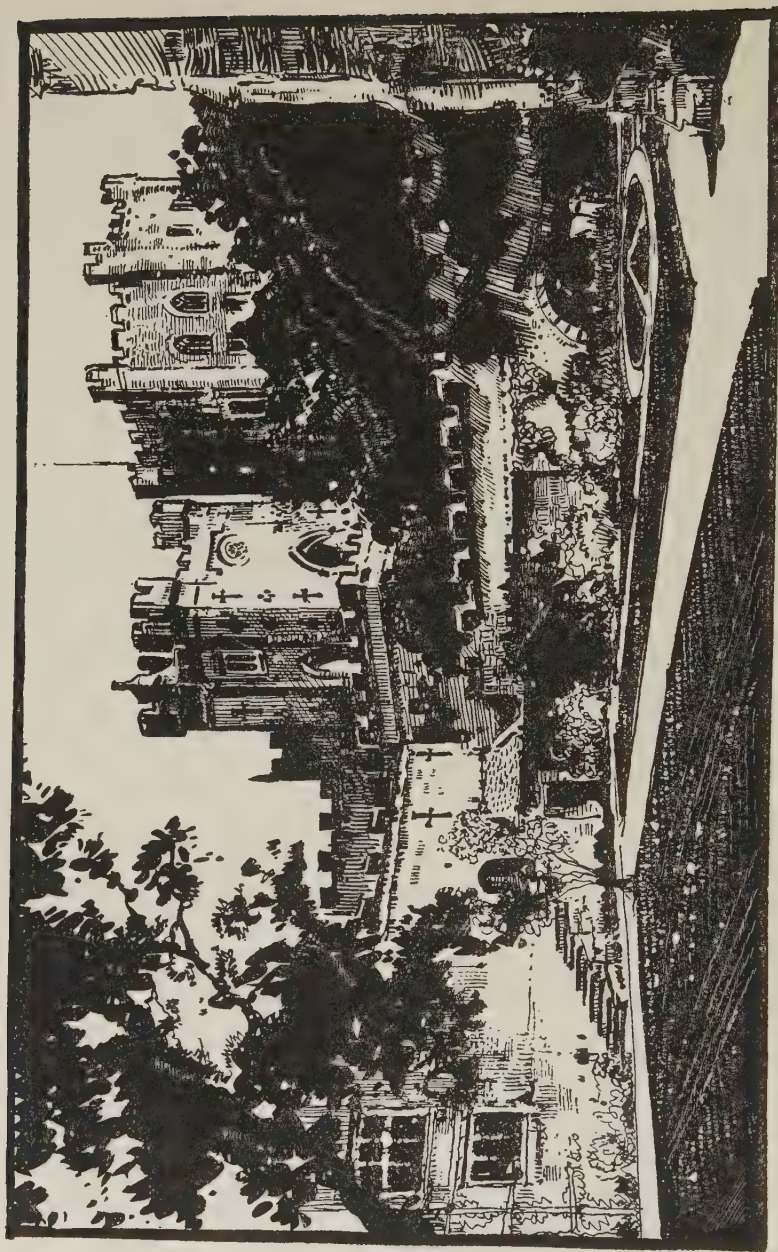
promenade, a hundred and fifty feet above sea-level, gives you a marvellous expanse of sea, and a thorough bracing for the work that is awaiting you, possibly, next week. There is a very efficiently managed hotel here, the Zetland; a sought-after place at holiday times.

REDCAR

THERE is a refreshing candour about the town of Redcar, in that it proclaims itself openly as being "For the Million." And so it is; and so it is admirably fitted to be. It is the second of the two Yorkshire coast towns catering in the main, and catering very wisely and efficiently, for the inhabitants of Middlesbrough, of which it is the seaside suburb, and the West Riding. It is the most northerly seaside resort of Yorkshire.

Its chief attraction is its really magnificent expanse of firm, smooth and level sands (300 yards from the railway station), stretching north and south for a continuous ten miles. Certain portions of this sandy beach at low tide are nearly a mile in breadth.

Since the war a very large sum of money has been devoted by the Corporation to improving the place for holiday folk, every penny of which seems to have been well spent. There is now a marine drive nearly two miles long. The old bathing vans have disappeared, hundreds of neat tents taking their place, and the bathing is absolutely safe. There is an unlimited amount of boating in every kind of small craft, and all the popular forms of beach amusements are to be found



DURHAM CASTLE

here. It has an extremely popular race-course, a proverbially healthy climate, a plethora of excursion trains in the season—in fact everything that the working millions can possibly desire. An ideal place of its kind, and, according to the local statistics, increasing in popularity every year.

DURHAM

A HINT of the dignity and drama of Durham is given you from the windows of every train that passes over the high Durham viaduct. But it is a city to be thoroughly explored. The plum of exploration is picked, of course, when you go up the hill from the old market square and reach the turfed table-land whereon stand the Castle and Cathedral. A morning spent here seems but an hour.

I followed a party of Americans through the Castle once just to see how it would affect them. They became literally dumb with amazement. The walls nine feet thick: the art treasures: the wonderful Flemish tapestry: the Jacobean furniture: the oak staircases, blackened with age: the Norman chapel (1072)—the whole atmosphere of regal antiquity and ecclesiastical pomp deprived them of every suitable word. As, indeed, so it does to most of us whose lovely heritage it is. Set high up above the river, impregnable remote, nearly nine hundred years old, haughty in its altitude, despotic in all the chapters of its ecclesiastical history, it remains a realistic emblem of what England was; what it used to do; how it used to suffer—and survive.

Durham has always been, and still is, a great centre of the Church. Successions of kings have fortified and defended it for their faith. The Church has been militant here too, when militancy was the right and proper attitude. As witness the lovely August morning in 1346 when the bloody battle of Neville's Cross was fought, as it were right under the windows of Durham. In the van of the English army strode the clergy: on the outskirts of the fighting the monks chanted encouragingly and fervently. You can stand to-day on the high tower of the Cathedral on the very spot where also stood more monks watching avidly the ebb and flow of the fighting, and "putting up orisons without intermission that God and the saint (St. Cuthbert) would be propitious to the English." They had a perfect view of the battle-field that day. You to-day can see just where it all took place; though modern buildings, alas, cover a part of that terrible ground.

To lovers of ecclesiastical architecture the Cathedral affords infinite delight. And when you wander reverently about its immensity and realise that ever since the year 995, when St. Cuthbert constructed here a temporary church to the glory of God made of boughs of trees, successive generations of venerable men have added lovingly stone upon stone, pillar upon pillar; and you see it as it is now, you can readily understand why Durham is one of the greatest of all our holy monuments in age, art and alluring association. Durham will cast a spell over the most pagan mind.

A DURHAM DRIVE

CHESTER-LE-STREET, as its name implies, is built on the site of a Roman station. The *street* is the Great North Road, which passes through Chester from south to north, and is its main thoroughfare. The *station* was immediately contiguous to this road on its east side. The church here is so old that it is impossible to ascribe a date to some parts of it with any degree of certainty. No one can pause in Chester, however, without at least glancing into the old church which has weathered the storms of so much history. The old village, situated on the ancient Ermine Street, was the seat of the Bishop of Bernicia from 883 to 995, under the name of *Cunecestre*—a thousand years ago.

Two historic castles are the features and objective from Chester, to which they are both adjacent. Lumley Castle, the seat of the Lumley family, is situated in most charming surroundings and is impregnated with the romantic glamour of the past. In general outline and plan the Castle is to-day as it was in the fourteenth century, when the famous Sir Ralph Lumley built it. One of the most interesting aspects of this mediæval mansion is the kitchen in the north-west tower : said to be "one of the most stupendous, lofty and every way remarkable kitchens in the kingdom." Here, on occasion, a dinner for a regiment of soldiers could straightway be cooked, and many a great fire to cook an immense "roast" it has no doubt witnessed. It is 44 feet 4 inches long and 21 feet 7 inches wide, and contains three fireplaces, two of which are each about 13 feet wide : an interesting place when you

reflect on the festivities those English castles enjoyed in the old days.

Lambton Castle is just such another famous place as Lumley, though much more modern, and is the seat of the Earl of Durham. It can only be viewed on application to Lord Durham's chief agent. It was built at the beginning of the present century on a site till that time occupied by an Elizabethan house, the seat of the ancient family of Hedworth, but known as Harraton Hall. Of the old home of the Lambtons scarcely a fragment remains. The chief interest now attaching to Lambton lies in the magnificent collection of pictures, which includes Romneys, Gainsboroughs, Holbeins, etc.

The thing to do now is to go back to Durham for lunch, afterwards visiting Bishop Auckland and Brancepeth. The Castle at the former has been the residence of a succession of Durham bishops since the time of the famous Bishop Pudsey, who did so much for Durham itself. Looking over old documents at the Castle one day, I saw this item of an old maintenance account. "To the plumber for soldering in the great chapel, the little chapel, and in other chambers, for ten days, at 5*d.* per day, 4/2*d.*" No wonder they could afford to have so much work done! Many hours of intense interest can be spent at Bishop Auckland; the outstanding impression being of the pomp, ceremony and extreme luxury maintained by the ruling ecclesiastics of those rich days.

Brancepeth is another example of a mediæval stronghold adapted to modern usage, for it is now the seat of Viscount Boyne. It was here that the northern nobles and their legion of retainers met for "The Rising of the North," which made Neville, the then owner of the Castle, an outlaw with a big price on his head.

There are some fine pictures in this lovely old

Castle. One by Hogarth, painted for the 1st Viscount Boyne, and called "Charity in the Cellar," must be of dubious interest to the present-day descendants of the principal figures therein. It represents certain members of the "Hell-fire Club," about which much has been written, assembled in a cellar, pledged not to disperse until the contents are consumed. The numerous members of illustrious families present are portrayed to posterity in by no means their best light: though the technique of the famous painting is, of course, absorbingly interesting. The particular significance of the "charity" is as obscure as the picture is arresting and the subject in questionable taste.

KIRKBY STEPHEN

THIS small market town, near the head of the Eden valley, still contains much of the atmosphere of country market towns of several hundred years ago. It has its one long street with its few side alleys, and the inevitable market square in the centre. And here on market days a couple of hours can be spent with infinite enjoyment, just observing the scene. Old-time carriers' carts still come here—pushed rather to one side by the Ford and the Morris, but still vociferously there! The farmers' wives and daughters with the butter and eggs (*such* lovely butter!), the dead fowls and the live ducks and the hunted-looking calves under netting, and the ubiquitous sheep dogs swerving in every direction; the noise of chaffing and bargaining; the aloof, horsey-faced men, bereft of all illusions

about life, which is an expression common to all dealers in live-stock for some queer reason—the whole inimitable tableau of English country life can be seen here on a market day, much the same as our ancestors saw it in the good old hoary past. Clothes and means of transport may have altered, but psychology and country characteristics remain immutably the same in an ancient market town like Kirkby Stephen; where they still ring the curfew every night, in spite of the jazz music on the wireless in many of the houses.

THE BARNARD CASTLE COUNTRY

YOU go westward from Darlington, a place of railway engine and carriage works and mechanical industry, into the depths of Durham. And well will it repay the journey. For a group of towns lie handy to your line: all of them characteristic of the country and extremely interesting. We will take them as they come.

Piercebridge, where the old Roman road, Watling Street, crosses to the North. This was a very important Roman station fifteen hundred years ago. Nine acres of walls surrounded it. The village green of to-day was the Piccadilly Circus, so to speak, of Roman times: a hive of military and social activity. Now a few chattering geese waddle across the turf and a boy leads a horse somnolently along the quiet road, except for which the peace and stillness of the village is profound.

Then to *Gainford*, two and a half miles west of



BARNARD CASTLE

Piercebridge, beautifully situated on the river side, also of great antiquity and charm. For in the year 801 Edwin, formerly a chief of the Northumbrians, died here, a worn-out soldier, and "in the presence of his brethren, on the 18th of the kalends of February, was honourably buried in his monastery called El-Gegenforda, within the church." This church is full of great antiquarian interest. They showed me four Saxon coins of Alfred and Burgred which were found in the churchyard. Some of the stones they used for the buildings were picked up in the neighbourhood, carved and inscribed by Roman hands.

Barnard Castle. It is advisable to use Barnard Castle as a base of operations for exploring this dramatic part of Durham: largely because here you have one of the most comfortable hotels in the North of England; namely, the King's Head, where Dickens stayed while he was writing *Nicholas Nickleby*. The Castle here is, of course, the centre of interest, if only for the fact that it has stood here since about 1112 and has been a rendezvous of the famous, and infamous, through all the pages of our mediæval history. It has been inhabited by such illustrious people as Guy Baliol, one of the companions of the Conqueror, Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and Richard III, through his wife, the sister of Richard Neville. In the early part of the seventeenth century it came into the hands of Sir Henry Vane, with whose representatives it still remains. At Barnard Castle is the enormous Bowes Museum, a modern structure in the French Renaissance style. It contains a reference library and a varied selection of art treasures, including one of the finest collections of china and Oriental pottery out of London.

Raby Castle. This Castle is one of the show places of England. Here again you can picture all the pomp and circumstance of almost regal state maintained in

the days when Ralph Lord Neville, the hero of the battle of Neville's Cross (1346), owned "Raby's fair domain." The great kitchen at Raby, the only unaltered portion of the huge Castle, is a wonderful place. "A great barbaric chamber, some thirty feet square and forty feet high: its walls—ten feet in thickness—perforated with galleries of defence and pierced with deep-set windows. Overhead, rock-like and cavernous, is spread a roof of massive stone, spanned far apart by four enormous ribs which cross each other in the middle. A second tower, not less than twelve feet square below, but octagonal above, and soaring up above the vault in dim, mysterious twilight some thirty feet higher still! What wonder that a place so free from modern touches, so redolent of days gone by, should touch even the least imaginative and transport them at once into the past? No place so instinct with the virile rudeness of old times; or which, in the mind's eye, could again be so readily peopled with rough cooks and still rougher men-at-arms. Not merely a kitchen—a fortress in itself." And it was here more than anywhere—though I have had the same curious feeling in other castles about England—that the whole life and perilous stress of the times in which men and women then lived seemed to be most vividly and awesomely portrayed. This possibly because the pulse of a community beats most strongly where its food is prepared—and so perhaps leaves some queer reality of feeling behind it in such places as these?

Near here is Rokeby, the place of historical association and exquisite scenery all blended into one entrancing whole; immortalised in verse by Sir Walter Scott.

Middleton-in-Teesdale. When you have saturated yourself in the spell of the wonderful past at Barnard and Raby, travel on through the ineffably lovely Tees-

side country to *Middleton-in-Teesdale*. This one excursion will reveal to you the most romantic scenery you can find in the whole county. The town has the appearance of having been dropped by accident into the middle of this panorama of rural loveliness. Then go on to

High Force and *Cauldron Snout*. These two waterfalls in full spate give an impression of wild grandeur that is not excelled in any part of England, though many are more imposing in height and volume elsewhere. All round here, in every direction, are splendid, bracing walks to such spectacular places as Ashgill Force, Jack Scar, Hudeshope Beck, Skeers Walk and King's Walk—an unrivalled bit of country for richness of scenery and exuberance of health.

APPLEBY

AS at Kirkby Stephen, we have encroached into Westmorland, and Appleby is its capital, and the smallest county town in England. From the church to the Castle gates is a wide thoroughfare called Boroughgate. Near the bottom of the street you will see a pillar which was once in the centre of the Bull Ring. The ring let into the stone wall testifies to that crude and cruel sport. Twice at least have the Castle and town been destroyed by the Scots, first in 1173, and again in 1388 by a furious raid made by the Douglasses, after which the town lay in ruins for a hundred and fifty years—and nobody cared.

However, Anne Clifford, the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, fortified and garrisoned the Castle in the cause of King Charles in 1641. But in 1648 the

Castle capitulated to Cromwell's forces, when the whole wreck of the royal army, which had just previously blockaded Cockermouth, gave themselves up prisoners of war. All but the indomitable Countess, who seems to have been left alone; and she was right loyal "hip and thigh," and would not yield until the old Castle of her ancestors became shattered and rent by the guns of the enemy and fell about her ears.

When the proscription of Charles II was issued by Cromwell, not a man in Appleby would raise his voice to proclaim it. "So the soldiers had recourse to a fellow in the market, an unclean bird, hatched at Kirkby Stephen (the nest of all traitors), who proclaimed it aloud, while the people stopped their ears and hearts and had nothing open but their eyes, which were filled with tears; and when the Protector, to punish them for their obstinacy, issued a restrictive charter, they stuck to their old one, and could under no pretext be induced to yield it up. . . ."

A loyal and lovely people. As typical of the state of mind of the citizens of Appleby all down the years, there stands at the top of the street the Countess Pillar, on which are inscribed the lines :

"Retain your loyalty,
Preserve your rights."

which seems to be the password of the place.

PENRITH

WE are now approaching Penrith. But just before we get there, two miles east of the famous Lowther Castle, the seat of the Lonsdale family, we come to Clifton Moor, the scene of the battle

between Prince Charles the Pretender and the Duke of Cumberland. A curious fight, since both sides claimed the victory. However, when all was over the Highlanders retreated in the direction of Carlisle; and as the Duke and his men slept that night, just as they were, on the battle-field, equity and logic would seem to suggest that the victory was theirs after all.

Penrith, delightfully situated and sheltered from the north by land which rises steeply to the Beacon Hill, is a place of views: southward over the lovely pastures and wooded valleys of the Eden, the Eamont and the Lowther, on the edge of which tower in amphitheatrical form hills and crags the most wild and grand in all this part of England.

It is a very, very old place. It was there when the Romans ruled this land. But when they left, in the fifth century, down came the Caledonians, as elsewhere, and destroyed it utterly. The present town was then built in the centre of the once great forest of Inglewood. From the ninth to the twelfth century the Scots held it, and on three occasions the town suffered grievously at their hands. The climax to Penrith's troubles, however, arrived in the reign of Edward III, when suddenly thirty thousand warriors burst upon the place like an avalanche, burnt it, and carried off the inhabitants, to sell them like cattle to the highest bidders. The approach to Penrith from the south is very wide and imposing; and it used once upon a time to be considered the greatest thoroughfare in the North of England. Hence the carnage. For it seems that, in those dreadful days, whenever and wherever there was congestion of traffic or a rendezvous of races, there also was committed invariably rapine and murder of the wretched, in-offensive inhabitants.

However, nobody bothers to-day about these unpleasant subjects in modern Penrith. Indeed it is

difficult enough to visualise them and keep them for many moments in your mind while walking among the lovely flower-beds, tennis courts and bowling greens in the Castle precincts; or while battling a joyful way round the excellent 18-hole golf course.

SEATON CAREW

THIS is an ancient village about two miles south of West Hartlepool. The village, the old part of which surrounds three sides of a pleasant green, the fourth side being open to the ocean, is a favourite summer holiday resort. The chief attraction is the long stretch of firm, dry sands. The mouth of the Tees comes out here at a point called Seaton Snook, where land is being rapidly reclaimed. There are vast sandbanks here which for centuries have been rich in cockles, the gathering of which has been the staple industry of the place for more years than anyone can remember.

THE HARTLEPOOLS

THE visitor here must avoid confusion about the Hartlepoons. East Hartlepool (or Hartlepool as it is called simply) is the Hartlepool of history; West Hartlepool, better known because it is immense compared with its retiring neighbour, has sprung into

fame, one might almost say into existence, during the last sixty years. West Hartlepool is ship-building, ship-repairing, fish, coal-exporting and timber-importing—the latter on a tremendous scale—and, frankly, does not aspire or pretend to be anything else.

Hartlepool, on the other hand, has a great history. It has a most lovely old church for one thing, the church of St. Hilda, built in 1190. It had a monastery here as early as A.D. 540, which was entirely destroyed by the Danes in 800. The town was plundered more often than was good for its peace of mind in the Middle Ages. And it was here that the Count de Bar, with 540 Flemish knights and men-at-arms, landed with the intention of aiding the Scottish King in his invasion of England in 1173. But they went back to their boats when they heard that he had been taken at Alnwick.

Hartlepool saw war upon its doorsteps again one misty morning in December 1914, when German cruisers bombarded the town and a heavy casualty list resulted.

It has a wonderful sea promenade two miles long, and an extremely attractive bathing pool.

CASTLE EDEN DENE

EVERYONE staying between Durham and the coast, or anywhere along this seaboard, should see the Dene at Castle Eden. For it is one of the most romantic and lovely of the ravines which characterise the coast-line between Sunderland and Hartlepool. But a previous letter of application is necessary to the Rev. John Burdon, M.A., J.P., Castle Eden Castle.

The Dene is about three miles in length, and from end to end is an unbroken scene of secluded sylvan beauty, changing in aspect at every step. Overhanging cliffs, sparkling waterfalls, wild-fowl of every description, wild-flowers in endless variety are all here. The true lover of Nature will find himself in an unforgettable place as unique as it is enchanting.

WHITBURN

A DELIGHTFUL seaside village a little to the south of Shields. The Souter Point lighthouse flashing about the sky dominated the situation here for me—until they told me of Whitburn's marriage custom, and then I began to think along quite another channel.

Until recent years, when the bridal party left the church they were invariably met in the porch by a number of women, each holding a large mug with a cloth over it. Each mug was first handed to the bridegroom and by him to his wife, who after taking a sip returned it to him. It was then passed to the next couple, and so on to the rest of the party. These mugs, called "hot-pots," were sent to the church by all classes, and were considered a great compliment. One popular fisherman is said to have had over seventy hot-pots at his wedding. If these nuptial mugs contained something innocuous like lemonade, how dull a performance! If, on the other hand, they did not, and you were a very popular person——?

SOUTH SHIELDS

IS yet another of Newcastle's seaside places at the mouth of the Tyne. Very few of the thousands of visitors who throng the sands and listen to the bands in the extremely well-kept parks bother about the fact that this was once a Roman station of great importance. And I don't know that it matters whether they do or not. I am afraid I spent the greater portion of my time in the Lawe—as the Roman Camp is called—because the site of this ancient city held me enthralled. But when I eventually got back to the mile-long pier and the promenade and watched the holiday thousands enjoying themselves with all the modern contrivances that holiday folk are blessed with nowadays, I could not help comparing the Shields of to-day with this coast town of the days of the Roman occupation, and marvelling greatly.

Shields is a modern, historical place also, inasmuch as two of its natives invented the lifeboat: Henry Greathead and William Wouldhave—by no means ordinary men as their names imply! Many a hapless mariner has thanked God for the sight of the lifeboat in moments of dire peril. One wonders how many of them knew where the first rescuing boat was made?

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

THE peculiar fascination to me about Newcastle is threefold.

I remember that it was built originally by Hadrian in A.D. 120 when he was constructing his wonderful rampart through the dangerous territory of the Ottadini. I think of it as the watchful eye of the belligerent North; of the times when the fierce marauding Scottish hosts have reined up outside its walls with intent to plunder and kill; and of the dawns when the English have, with equally murderous purpose, set out from here to do damage to our hereditary enemy. I see it now, we all do, as one of the most stirring monuments to human energy presented by the town itself and the clanging river-side. The most fitting eulogy to Newcastle would be merely a recital of the names of the great shipbuilding works on the Tyne and an array of the maritime inventions and improvements brought into being by generations of Tyneside men.

Newcastle shows, I think, more than any other town in Britain a blending of the historical past with the scurrying industrial present. No better example of this could be given than is shown to anyone who cares to stand at the lower end of St. Nicholas Street and watch the electric and steam trains running slap through the middle of the Norman Castle. A bridge of eight signals spans the road here. Imagine the stupefaction of an archer of 1346 if he had suddenly seen such a vision! And St. Nicholas Street, now a busy industrial thoroughfare, was, of course, the main



NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

road to the Castle keep. I never get tired of wandering in the streets of Newcastle—they contain so vivid a picture of modern life, with a background of such age. A wanderer here, resting awhile, will not fail to be struck by the unfailing courtesy of the people. Every class of person here will be at pains to help you to find a place you seek : their intelligence is only equalled by their good manners and hospitality.

NEWCASTLE'S SEA

THE people of Newcastle are extremely lucky in that they can get so quickly to the sea from their work. Twenty minutes in a fast electric train and you are at Tynemouth ; a place of splendid sands, one long, continuous, bracing pleasure-ground.

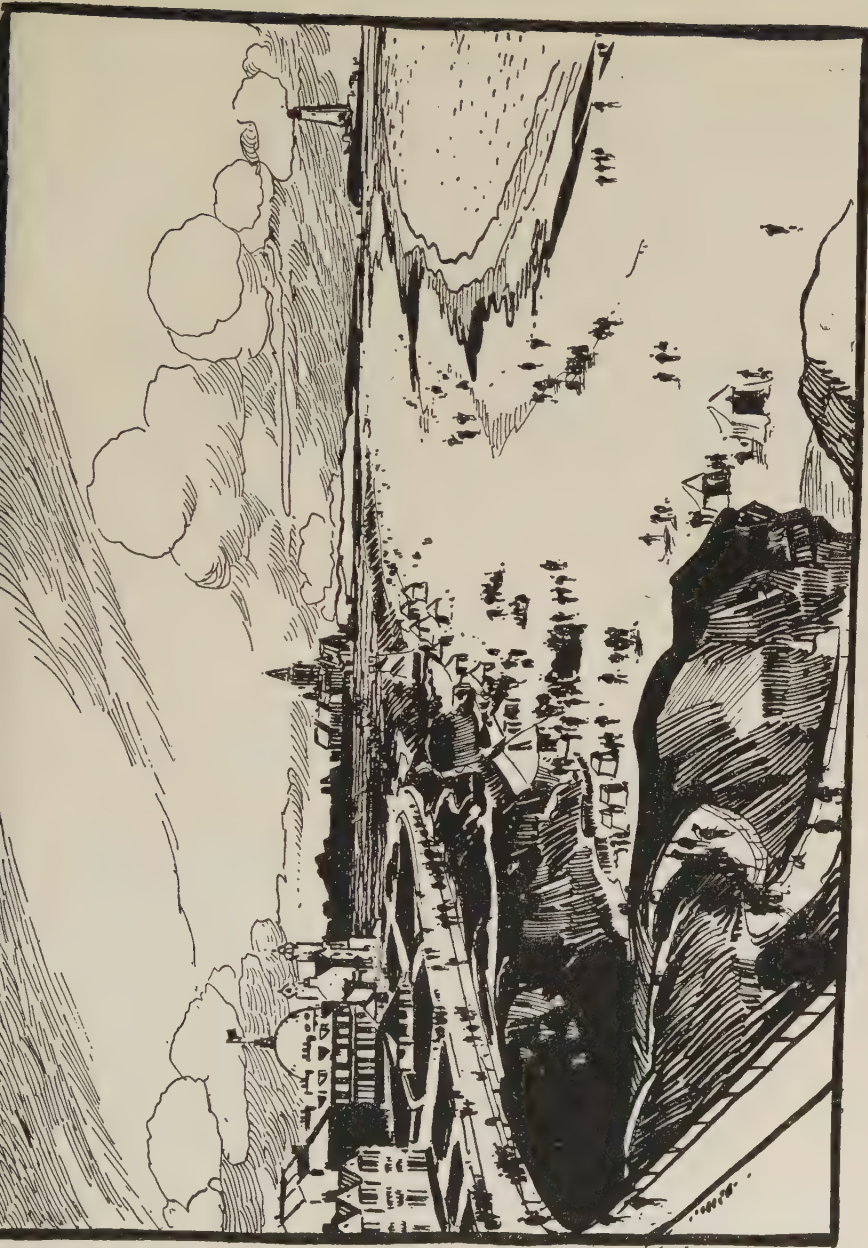
Tynemouth is linked up now with a very picturesque little place called Cullercoats. It was once a fishing village. But it has now become a sort of annexe of Tynemouth on the one side and Whitley Bay on the other. Nevertheless the fishing here is still the main motive of the people, although only about fifteen boats are in use. The success of the fishermen's toil is largely due to the women, who prepare the bait and carry down the gear and ballast to the boats, and, above all, sell the fish in the towns on Tyneside. Very familiar is the Cullercoats fishwife as, clad in blue serge jacket, short petticoats with ample skirts, large apron and black straw bonnet, she trudges along with a heavy creel of fish on her shoulders, calling in shrill tones, "Buy fee-s-ch."

Whitley Bay is Newcastle's Mecca of enjoyment. Here concentrate famous bands in the season; there is more than one large and splendid dance floor; there are wide sands; rock gardens; bathing pools—in fact everything the holiday-maker requires. The nearness of the sea to Newcastle, and the advantage of that fact to the population, was brought home to me very clearly when I saw advertised in a Newcastle evening paper a Gala Dance Night at Whitley Bay and any amount of special trains there and back the whole evening. Half-a-crown I remember it was, "all in," as the saying is. I enjoyed it immensely myself. So did several thousand other people.

Monkseaton is the fourth of Newcastle's seaside places, and is in reality a continuation of Whitley Bay, with the same characteristics. Amusing this, when you reflect that the peaceful little village was once the sea town belonging to the monks of Tynemouth. One wonders how they would have viewed the modern "*Palais de Danse*"? With keen enjoyment doubtless, if they had been allowed to.

MORPETH

THIS dear old-fashioned country town—some people say the most beautiful in Northumberland—lies at a junction of main roads to the North in the valley of the Wansbeck. Being on a main road it has had its share of troubles, for first the Danes destroyed it, then the Normans, and finally the Scots. In the days of Elizabeth the Scots rode down to it for plunder as they might ride to a market. On their



WHITLEY BAY

way home, driving the cattle before them, they looked like farmers returning from a fair. Horses were restored only at blackmail prices.

One of the greatest charms about Morpeth are its old-world hostelries. Places like "The Old Grey Nag" with its Elizabethan front and huge fireplaces; and "The Queen's Head" and "The Black Bull." It was at "The Queen's Head" that John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) and Bessy Surtees stayed on their way back from their runaway Scotch marriage.

Nowhere in the North of England are the old tongue and the old customs more cherished than in Morpeth. Nearly all that survives in the folk-lore of Northumberland may be found in this homely little town.

NEWBIGGIN-BY-THE-SEA

IS a large fishing village which has become a popular place for those who require a really quiet holiday. It lies in a fine broad bay that stretches in a magnificent sweep between two rocky promontories. It used to be a maritime town of some importance, for in the wars of Edward II "Newbyggyn" was required to furnish a ship for naval purposes, and vessels of many tons burden rode in the harbour. But, contrary to most places on this coast, it subsided into the quiet background of the world's affairs; and I like to stay there for that very reason. Also on account of the golf course on Newbiggin Moor, to the north of the Point, which is really good, and seldom if ever crowded.

WARKWORTH

A LITTLE over three miles south of Alnmouth is the ancient town of Warkworth, around which cluster so many historical and romantic associations. Close to the sea and having some of the most lovely river scenery in the county close at hand, no wonder it is a place loved by all who come here. Its "star turn" is, of course, the Castle. Yet another stronghold of the great Northumbrian family of Percy: the home of the gallant Hotspur. The walls are worthy to have been touched with the glamour of Shakespeare's genius. Lady Percy questions her husband here for the reason of his abstraction.

"Some heavy business has my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not."

The heavy business was the plot against Henry IV's life.

"Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not;
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips."

On no account should the Castle be missed if the reader is anywhere in this neighbourhood; if only to see the remarkable Keep, which is a perfect model of architectural skill. Its value is in its unaltered contour and the internal domestic arrangements. You can construct here so easily the past, and the figures that inhabited it; an enthralling occupation, I always think, in a grim mediæval castle, on an ultra-modern summer afternoon, with the Scotch expresses rushing past and with possibly an aeroplane humming overhead—and our wireless concert after dinner to-night. . . .

ALNMOUTH

MY favourite *cache* in all Northumberland. It is full of surprises : all of them pleasant. Firstly, you see nothing of it from the station, which is over a mile inland. Then you come upon it suddenly round a corner. One quaint little street, rather dull in appearance; and again your spirits fall. Is there *anything* here? Yes, indeed. Round about this old street are some enchanting “diggings” to be had; and in the street itself the one and only hotel, but *such* an hotel; small, quiet, extremely comfortable and friendly. And round the corner at the foot of the street the golf course opens out to you, the fifth oldest course in England, by the way. This is also a very friendly place of eighteen most sporting holes, many of them along the sea’s actual edge. This is essentially a family place, with a delicious stretch of quiet sands, and a flat grassy shore for the family tent. The sort of place people, who go there year after year, beg you not to write about. The simplest of lives are led here, and the most comfortable and enjoyable. A place to know of, and keep to yourself. I write of it grudgingly—because so many will read; and some may go. I hope not! I want it all to myself, with those few privileged others next year.

ALNWICK

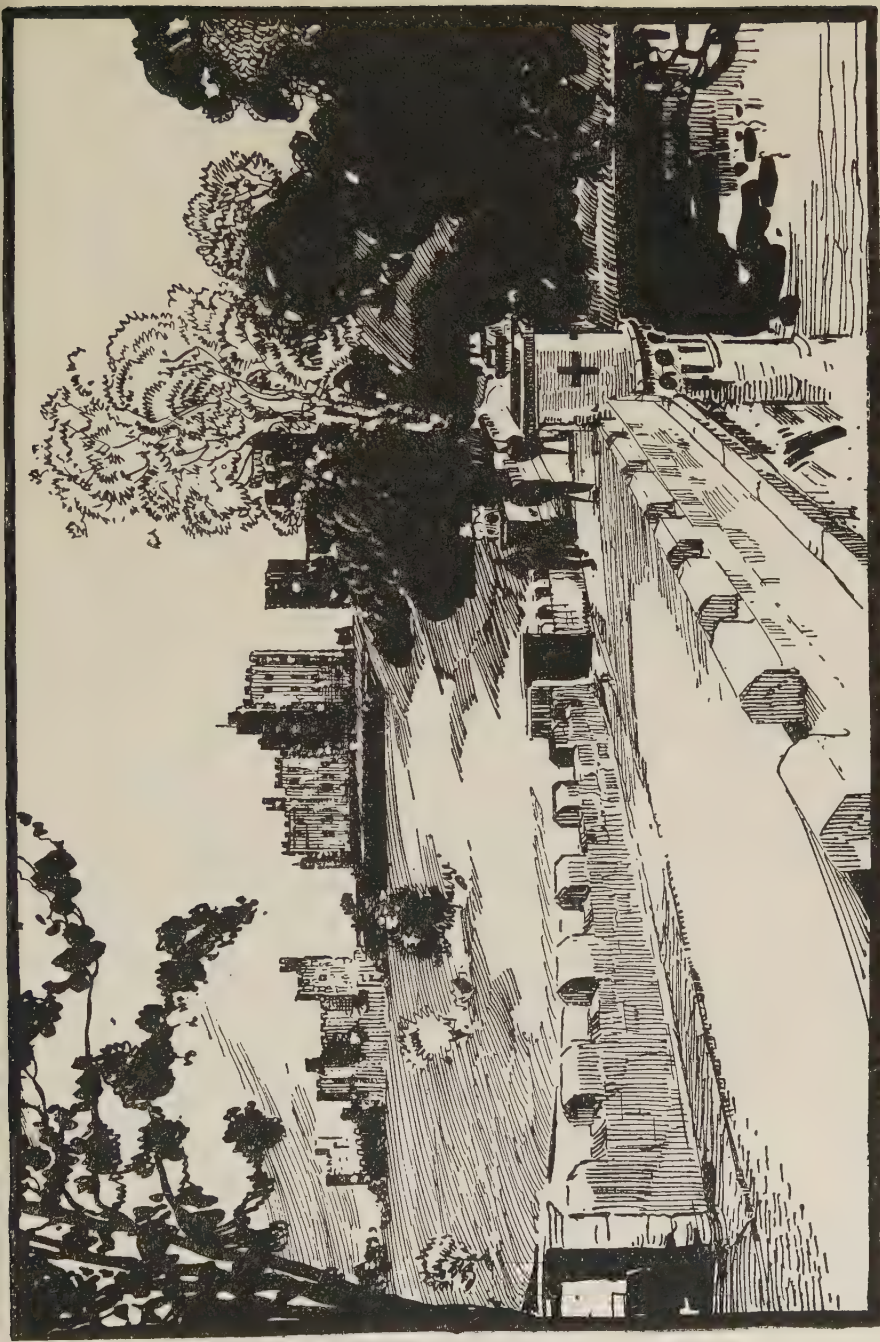
ALNWICK sleeps under its castle walls. Indeed, almost its only claim to greatness lies in the association of its huge Castle with the past. The principal stronghold of the Percy family was this fortress. It will take you most of the day to see the Ducal Castle and all its belongings, and to examine the parks and pleasure-grounds, thrown open to the public every Thursday and Sunday throughout the year. An immense property, and most romantic.

How well aware were the Percys of those old fighting days of the grim spectre of the North that frowned for ever upon their lands. Every tower of the Castle looks towards Scotland like a soldier waiting for his foe. Every stone lion *couchant* or *gardant* has his head turned in the same direction. Alnwick Castle is one of the most complete and interesting of all the great baronial homes of England.

The country surrounding Alnwick is exceedingly beautiful—Northumberland at its best, than which there could scarcely be higher praise.

SEAHOUSES AND THE FARNE ISLANDS

YOU make Seahouses a “jumping-off” place for the Farne Islands opposite. A little sequestered coast village only is this place, where fish-curing is extensively carried on. A good place for a quiet



ALNWICK CASTLE

holiday if you don't mind the fish; for the sands here are perfectly lovely. Anyone exploring this part of the world—which is well worth every hour spent in it—must study the Farne Islands; and it is a good thing to have a base on the mainland, hiring a motor boat from a friendly fisherman. For such Seahouses is admirably situated.

The Farne Islands, of which there are over a score at low water and fifteen in all tides, belong almost exclusively to the birds. They belong authoritatively and definitely to the sea-birds (and who shall count their thousands?) under the care of an association which keeps the region as a sanctuary for them. To every lover of bird life the Farne Islands must be a source of perpetual joy. Indeed there is no lovelier sight imaginable than to watch the myriad forms of bird life here in the breeding season, say early in June.

From the sand dunes of Holy Island to the bare and jutting rocks of the Farnes is a short but glorious sail. One observes a certain discipline and the rigid rules of a Constitution in the bird armies here. Cormorants inhabit the Megstone Island, guillemots and kittiwakes the Pinnacle, puffins in the rabbit-holes of the Wawmses—etc. No addition to the number of tribes appears to take place: it is evidently “not done.” In 1856 Prideaux Selby, the famous and exact Northumbrian ornithologist, prepared a catalogue of the birds which inhabit or resort to the Farne Islands. That list stands good for to-day. This does not include migrants or strangers blown on to the rocks during a storm: these unfortunates seem to be given a well-meaning if rather dignified and aloof reception.

Northumberland's heroine, Grace Darling, is associated with the Harcar Rocks, on which the *Forfarshire* struck at three o'clock on a wild September morning in 1838. Nine people escaped in a boat,

which drifted miraculously through the only possible passage. The stern, quarter-deck and cabins were swept down the furious channel called the Piper Gut, while the other half of the vessel remained on the rock. Such of the crew as survived clung to the swaying vessel as the waves dashed over it, threatening death at every crash. On the Longstone Lighthouse Grace Darling and her father heard their cries and came to them in that ink-black, terrible dawn.

BAMBURGH

THE Castle of Bamburgh is a great and imposing eminence on the very edge of the shore, regal, mysterious, an impregnable stronghold of the past. Nowadays people rent delicious little furnished flats in the Castle from Lord Armstrong for the summer holidays. I can picture no more attractive spot, with the sea almost lapping the old walls; the infinite peace of the place; the excellent golf course alongside by day and the grave dignity of historical association wrapping itself, cloak-wise, about you at night. Moreover, a heroine's body lies at Bamburgh. For here Grace Darling was born, and here she was buried, mourned by the sailors of all this coast.

King Ida built the earliest Bamburgh about A.D. 548. Proud Eadwine rode in and out of here in royal state; and pious Oswald offered his almost hourly prayers here beside the mocking voice of the sea. Robes of magnificence rustled here when Wilfrid became Bishop of Northumberland. The Castle takes us back, as does no other in the country, to days



BAMBURGH CASTLE

before the Conquest—before even the Dane. When Eadwine came to the throne in 617, Bamburgh, to-day a quiet little village, was then the chief city in a kingdom which extended from the Humber to the Tweed.

Interminable battles have raged round these tremendous walls. Murders have been committed within them. Sudden death, significant and silent, has fallen upon the Castle inmates, and upon the serfs in the village below. Kings have cursed herein and queens have cried. Songs of triumph and the dirge of national griefs have echoed through the stone Keep and corridors: might, majesty and dominion is the prevailing atmosphere of the place even to-day; and some of the stories that are laced about its grim walls will never be untied.

You have only to take one glance at the pompous pile of Bamburgh to visualise instantly a sort of mental epitome of all the tales of all the English castles that frown still, gaunt but grand, upon our enlightened modern countryside.

HOLY ISLAND

THE general atmosphere of Holy Island is such that, whatever may be your mentality, you will be sensibly impressed the moment you set foot on Lindisfarne, as it is called. Indeed, long before you get to it, across the three miles of wet, slithery sand which you must traverse to reach it on foot or in a car, it will stand gaunt and romantic before you, an imperishable and very tangible emblem of the mark

Christianity has made upon the civilised world. No matter what manner of man you address, when you say, "Here was the first home of the Christian faith in England," he will pause and become momentarily silent.

But there is nothing in the least aggressively ecclesiastical about the island or its people, as some might think. It is simplicity itself—like the Anglican faith. The few hundred fisher-folk are brawny, industrious and peacefully poised. Their women handsome, steadfast and strong. The only time such a phenomenon as a policeman appears on Holy Island is when the summer visitors from the mainland invade it. Then he comes, presumably, to keep the peace that might and only could otherwise be disturbed.

Since the remotest days men have lived here in quiet worship of their God. Probably because the spot is removed from the stress of mainland matters, from the secular strife of towns; washed all round and about by the cleanliness of sea waters—a place apart. The history of the island dates actually from the year A.D. 635, when St. Aidan, an Irish monk from Iona who had accepted the invitation of King Oswald to teach the new faith to the Northumbrians, made it the seat of his episcopacy.

The famous monastery fell with the others in the time of Henry VIII (1541), and was used, together with all its adjacent buildings, as "The Queene's Majestie's storehouse" (1560). It was finally unroofed in 1613 by Lord Walden, who took away the bells, the lead, and everything worth removing. "The ship, with manie persons therein, was drowned and sonke into the sea, even sone after their goeing from the iland; whereof the wronge doers (if God shall so touch their hearts) may and will make use."



BERWICK-UPON-TWEED

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED

IT has been aptly said that Berwick “of all cities except Jerusalem has borne the record for sieges.” It is certainly the most romantic of all the Northumbrian towns. Even to-day, quiet and uneventful as it is, the spirit of the place grips you the moment you leave the station. It was for centuries the cockpit of two kingdoms. It has seen more fighting than any other town in Great Britain. Its inhabitants have probably suffered more than any other town in Europe. One day it would belong to Scotland and on the next to England; and a few hundred people died dreadful deaths during the transfer.

In the thirteenth century Berwick was “so populous and of such trade that it might justly be called another Alexandria, whose riches was the sea and the water its walls.” Small wonder that rapacious kings coveted it! In spite of its great antiquity there are no really old houses in the town. All the ancient dwellings have been destroyed in the long succession of battles that have taken place for it, with the subsequent and invariable pillaging and burning of the place that followed. Even the Border Bridge dates no further back than the reign of James I, who seems to have found considerable inconvenience in the passage of the Tweed with his heavily laden retinue on his march south to assume the English crown.

It is when you wander upon the city walls, some of them Edwardian and some Elizabethan, that you begin to be entirely enveloped in the atmosphere of the place—you seem to visualise something of its grim history. For centuries Berwick, on the “safety

first" principle, has had no suburbs or outlying districts. Even to-day the local children play a game called "Scotch and English" with fierce realism.

Some idea of the one-time prosperity of Berwick may be gauged from the fact that its Customs in 1287 amounted to about £2000, while those of the whole of England only produced a little over £8000. But it is of its tribulations rather than of its prosperity that one thinks. Of the time, for example, when Edward I in 1296 inflicted a terrible vengeance on the rebellion of John Baliol by a massacre of 7000 of Berwick's inhabitants, without distinction of age or sex. And of the barbarous treatment meted out to the Countess of Buchan, who had impetuously and on her own authority crowned Bruce at Scone: she was shut up in a cage for four years, and hung out over the Castle wall "for all to see who passed that way." The railway station lies over the old courtyard and great hall of the Castle, where kings and great nobles feasted and gallant knights made obeisance to their fair ladies. Now across that spot the sleeping-cars purr their way through the night, and the modern world passes unheeding. But if you turn for a moment to your carriage window and look down upon Berwick as the train passes slowly over the Border Bridge, you will be impressed with the recollection of its history, no matter how many times you may pass that way.

Berwick is the place to stay as a centre for excursions to the Cheviots and the Vale of the Tweed; and it would be hard to find a more romantic resting-place at night after the splendours these days will give you.

THE CHEVIOTS

PUT in terse geographical language this delicious range of hills extends from Branxton on the north to Ridlees Hill on the south, about twenty-two miles; and from Branton on the east to Bloodylaws on the west, nearly twenty-one miles; the area in Northumberland being about two hundred, and in Roxburghshire about one hundred square miles.

But they mean much more than that to anyone who comes beneath the shadow of them; for they dominate the whole countryside for many miles around towards every point of the compass. Cheviot is their highest hill—a mountain in truth, 2676 feet above sea-level. Of all this wild, desolate but beautiful part of Britain no sight is finer than the view on a clear day from the summit of Cheviot; for thence the whole seaboard of Northumberland lies a sparkling panorama before you, and all the hilly country between the Tweed and Coquet.

One of the most odd things to observe if you are enjoying a ramble on the Cheviot heights is the attitude towards mankind of the Cheviot sheep. The flock on a large farm forms itself into three, four, or more divisions, known locally as “cuts.” Each keeps automatically, as if by the assent of public opinion, to its own pastures, feeding always upwards towards the night’s resting-place near the top. If a stranger or other unusual object disturbs the ineffable tranquillity of this pleasant occupation, the first sheep to notice the intruder stamps with its foot and utters a sort of malevolent hiss; on which the whole “cut” moves away gravely indignant, mounting

always higher, into presumably less vitiated air! I asked a distraught-looking shepherd once to explain this to me. He could not. All he did was to smile, shake his head dubiously and reply, "Ah, they know: they know—aye." . . . There seemed to me to be much more in this than met the eye. But what? There is no answer from the quiet, wise hills, and the still quieter, and possibly wiser, flocks.

COLDSTREAM

" . . . Many a broken band
Disordered through her currents dash
To gain the Scottish land."

THAT was the ford at Coldstream, so near dark Flodden Field. That and our own famous regiment of Guards bring this name to our minds. Coldstream is inseparably bound up with Flodden. Near here also is the simple cenotaph of grey Aberdeen granite :

Flodden 1513.
To the Brave of Both Nations.
Erected 1910.

All around here died thousands of brave Scottish and English men. The relative positions of both armies have been traced by the cannon-balls from time to time turned up by the plough. Those used by the Scots were leaden, while those of the English were of iron. The feature of the day was, of course, the fearful hand-to-hand fighting :

“The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well.”

NORHAM

AT Norham the river Tweed is at its loveliest; especially in the autumn with the leaves dancing on the flood of brown waters. It is a favourite residential place, as it lies warm in the valley away from the east winds that torment the north coast in winter. The village is tranquillity itself: there are no warring elements here now. But there were. The grim old stronghold of the Border Castle, so celebrated in history and song, stands there redolent of bygone battle and secret murder. Defended by the Tweed on the north, by a ravine on the north-east, and by a deep fosse on the south and west, it must have been a difficult and dangerous proposition to the enemy. I saw it first at sunset on an autumn evening, and realised that never could a more fitting description be given to it than by Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion* :

“Day set on Norham’s castled steep,
And Tweed’s fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot’s mountains lone :
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height;
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back against the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light" . . .

One seemed to see it all—even St. George's banner,
which

"The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung."

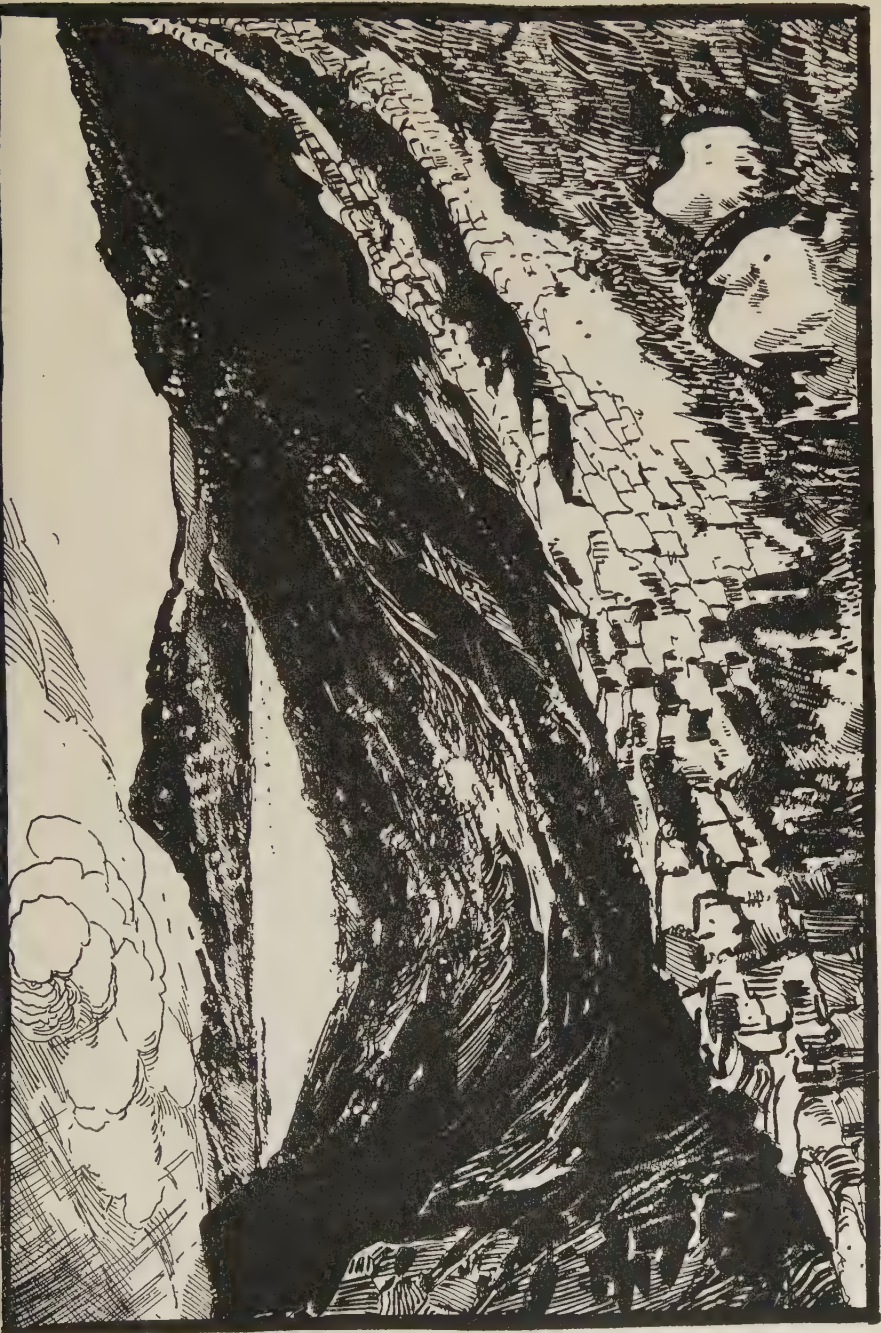
How lucky they who can rest indefinitely at a place
like Norham, living in its great and dignified past.

THE ROMAN WALL

AS most people know, the Roman Wall stretched across England, from Bowness on the Solway Firth in the west to Wallsend (or Segedunum) near Tynemouth on the east coast. To study this gigantic undertaking from end to end can only be done by the leisured few. Nor is there any need to do so properly to appreciate the structures, the lesson they teach and the romance that overlays them even to this day.

An excellent way, however, of seeing as many typical examples of the Wall as are necessary to stir one's imagination deeply is to glance at it here and there with a starting-point at Hexham and an ultimate destination at Haltwhistle.

It is all intensely interesting. Controversy has raged as to whether the Romans built it themselves, or the



THE ROMAN WALL AND NORTHUMBERLAND LAKES

Britons under their teaching and direction; or if the Romans, which Roman? And it does not matter much. Very many places between Bowness and Wallsend furnish vivid evidence of the organised power of the Roman Empire, its military efficiency, wide-flung influence in the world of affairs and mastery of the arts of that time.

The whole of this countryside is rich in Roman records. Here, for example, is one you can see at Corstopitum (Corbridge). It is a gravestone of a Roman soldier of the rank of standard-bearer, on which the Latin inscription, translated, reads :

“ To the gods the shades Flavinus
standard-bearer of the cavalry
of Petriana of the white troop
twenty-five years of age and seven
years' service is laid here.”

Cilurnum (Chesters) was the second largest Roman camp on the Wall, covering five acres and a quarter, in an exquisite situation. Here lay at one time, as inscriptions show clearly, the famous Sixth Legion (*Legio Sexta Victrix*). The visitor can wander for hours about the remains of this famous garrison, fascinated by the details he will see, depicting the manners and customs of those great Roman citizens, who dominated England for 400 years.

There is something to me absolutely engrossing and unique in all the great sights of England's countryside, to stand in the middle of the Road and gaze at the grey stretch of it reaching out to the dim horizon, while around and about lie the moors; and to reflect that here walked a great people nearly a thousand years ago. Here crunched their chariot wheels in the mud of the marching Legions; there they rested in camp and garrison—you can sit on the same stones this afternoon; there they cooked their meals

and played and loved and died. Everywhere about all this land they moved in their thousands, sternly but justly ruling England.

HAYDON BRIDGE

THIS quiet agricultural town of modern-looking houses, built of the local white stone and roofed with blue slate, is an admirable centre for exploring the very pretty country of the South Tyne. The local people here have a rather curious habit of personally conducting you to a small burn which runs near the church. It is known as "The Cruel Syke," and is traditionally the scene of some desperate fight—though between whom exactly they cannot tell you. An old couplet seems to point a menacing finger towards Scotland, however, since it reads :

"Till the cruel Syke wi' Scottish blode rins rede,
Thoo manna sowe corn by Tyneside."

So it was evidently an annual affair !

Two celebrities were born here. One was Martin, the irrepressible artist, who as a boy, having no materials wherewith to draw, resorted with great success to a burnt stick. The other was one Ned Coulson, a Marathon runner of the 1797 period. It was no serious matter for him to run sixty-five miles, perform a job of work, and then take a leading part in the athletic sports of the neighbourhood. This seems to be more convincing testimony than any guide-book eulogy to the extreme healthiness of this part of Northumberland.

ALLENDALE

THE two Allens, uniting here, constitute the largest tributary of the South Tyne from the south. Their two valleys contain some of the finest mountain scenery in Northumberland. Allendale disputes with Hexham the distinction of being the central spot in Great Britain. The great thing to do here is to walk through the splendidly desolate pass that leads over the fells at a height of 1500 feet. The views across western Allendale are superb in moorland grandeur. Allendale is the centre of the lead-mining district.

From the Allen Smelt Mills run long flues away on to the moors, three miles west of Allendale town. The soot from the mills contains a considerable proportion of silver, and the sweeping of the flues formerly brought in annually a rich harvest of from six to ten thousand pounds. The tunnel of one of the present mines is seven miles long.

BARDON MILL

THIS is the pretty little village where people get out of the train to explore the Roman stations of Chesterholm and Housesteads, and the Northumberland lakes. Here you can see the old abandoned quarries from which the Romans obtained some of the freestone blocks for building the Wall and the

adjoining stations. The tracks are also visible by which the quarrymen—no doubt the oppressed natives—at the bidding of their stern conquerors, carried the stone from the quarries to the Wall. In one of these old quarries, as recently as 1837, some workmen found a bronze vessel, with a circular handle, containing sixty-three Roman coins—sixty silver and three gold—the latter carefully wrapped up in a piece of green-coloured leather. As there are no coins in the collection later than the early period of Hadrian's reign, antiquaries who advocated the claims of that Emperor to the honour of building the Roman Wall received a strong confirmation of their belief by the finding of this treasure. But imagine our exquisite thrill at a similar discovery in these quarries to-day! A soul-stirring event that might happen to any of us as we wander and picnic hereabouts.

Near here are the fully excavated remains of *Borcovicus*, the most important station on the Wall; defended in Roman times by the famous First Tungrian Cohort, or Belgic Gauls: representatives of the mighty Cæsar of the Eternal City, the centre, at that period, of the world's vitality. And here they were, these Roman Cohorts and Legions, ruling England, on the Wall and at York.

ALSTON

ALSTON is the end of this part of the railway line and is just over the border of Northumberland into Cumberland. There is a curious disinclination on the part of some people—I have experienced it myself when wandering about England—to go to a

country place of no known importance which is the last station on a branch line. You feel, "Oh, there can't be anything there." Never was there a greater mistake if made in respect of this old Cumberland town. For here you need only stand and gaze about you. The scenery from the height to which the train has brought you is beyond mundane description. Infinite and varied and wonderful: three superlative terms—but inadequate even so. Wild open moor, high fells, little half-hidden tributary burns, revitalising breezes—followed by immense appetites—and a most optimistic feeling of fitness when Alston has held you for twenty-four hours. If you are a lover of scenery and Nature at its best, the place will hold you for much longer than that.

GILSLAND

ON the borders of Northumberland and Cumberland lies Gilsland Spa, in the beautiful valley of the river Irthing. Gilsland is a very ancient, interesting spot, and the healing virtues of the holy well here had a great reputation in pre-railway times. But the district was so infested with moss-troopers and highwaymen, even down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, that people in search of health feared to travel to this shrine so famed for mineral virtues.

It was in these romantic surroundings that Sir Walter Scott, in the summer of 1797, first met Miss Carpenter, whom he married in the following year. The natives say that he proposed to the lady at the famous popping stone, yet to be seen in the bed of the

river. *Guy Mannering* and the *Bridal of Triermain* have done much to make visitors interested in this district.

NAWORTH CASTLE

A LITTLE way down the line from Gilsland brings you to Naworth, where you will assuredly want to stop for three reasons. One is the extreme picturesqueness of the surrounding country—Cumberland at its best—another because Naworth Castle is here; and the third because of the propinquity of Lanercost Priory. Naworth Castle does not absolutely *reek* (forgive the crude phraseology, but it is so apt) of mediæval mystery and the romance of battle to the extent of most of the other castles mentioned in these pages. It only dates back to about the time of Henry III, and so is comparatively modern! The things that impressed me most about it were the two immense oak trees near the grand entrance. Hereon many a marauding Border thief, outlaw and highwayman was summarily hanged by Lord William Howard, or “Belted Will,” who acquired the estates by marrying a Dacre heiress. Lord William was a strong, silent man of his period, who meted out ruthless and immediate punishment of the most severe kind upon the gangs of desperadoes who swarmed about this Border country in his day. There is a story of him that one day, whilst deeply engaged in his studies, he was disturbed by one of his officers who had brought in some prisoners, and wished to know his orders regarding them. “Hang



NAWORTH CASTLE

them, in the devil's name," he answered, without looking up from his book. It was this type of bandit, you will remember, who crept out under cover of darkness on the night of Flodden and stripped naked the brave nobles, knights, and squires, who lay in scores upon that awful field. No mercy was shown them, or expected, when they were caught: small wonder. Nevertheless, the brave "Belted Will" had to have about his person day and night a bodyguard of one hundred and forty well-mounted troops—in case the revengeful outlaws got him.

Naworth is still the residence of the Howards, Earls of Carlisle.

LANERCOST PRIORY

YOU follow the Wall for a little while before coming to Lanercost; and then you drop down into a green haugh on the north side of the Irthing river; and here, in a flower-decked vale and wood, by the river, stands the Priory of Lanercost.

"The spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the graves is spread,
And grey walls moulder round, on which dull time
Feeds like slow fire upon a hoary brand."

Lanercost was the favourite resting-place of the first Edward, for on three occasions he stayed there during his northern expeditions.

The beautiful old Priory, peaceful, sequestered and remote, will fill you with conflicting impressions.

There is all the staid dignity of ecclesiastical ritual which for years was the *liet-motif* of the place. There is the memory of all the regal pomp and circumstance, feasting, gala and gaiety enforced by the King's person when he and all his travelling cavalcade, honouring the district with the royal presence, rested, hunted and banqueted here. One thinks of the magnificent hunt that was organised from here in 1280, when, apart from other royal game, two hundred stags and hinds were killed. Of how Edward spent the last six months of his life here, from Michaelmas 1306 until the spring of 1307; and of how during that period of the Priory's existence the most gorgeous ceremonials in all its history took place. Of the time when, with an imposing retinue, the Pope's legate, Peter, Cardinal of Spain, came here on some temporal errand, yet adding his maledictions to the terrible curse of excommunication that hung over the devoted Bruce. Here before the stern King were brought, covered with wounds and nearly dead, Thomas and Alexander, Bruce's brothers, captured in battle by Duncan Macdoil. No mercy was shown, for they were hurried to Carlisle, dragged by horses round the city, hanged and quartered, and their heads placed on pikes to adorn the gates.

Because of its tremendous, tumultuous and sacred past, Lanercoſt will rouse in all who, knowing, wander there to-day feelings of awe, reverence and—yes, some eeriness too.

BRAMPTON

FROM Lanercost to Brampton is one of the loveliest walks imaginable. At first you rise to the heights and all the Cumberland countryside is spread before you. Then you go down through the woods, peopled by the singing birds, through sweet-smelling fields to the "Talkin Tarn," a sheltered lake, where you can bathe and boat and fish; and thence to this little market town of two or three thousand inhabitants, the capital of Gilsland, a place of some pretence, and yet quiet and unassuming withal.

The whole district from Brampton to Carlisle is extremely beautiful, watered by the Irthing, with the typical "Irthing scenery"—than which there is none finer in this county—on either side of you; for the wise pedestrian follows the river all the way.

CARLISLE

CARLISLE is a place of great and varied historical association: a city of carnage and carouse, merriment and murder. When the Romans had it they called it *Lugunallum*. On their departure, in the fifth century, to salve the wreck of an Empire, this whole neighbourhood became at once the battleground of contending nations. Pict, Caledonian, Angle and Celt, who had been held back by the

strength of the Roman arm for over three centuries, swept down upon it, wave after wave, across the Border, yelling their terrible battle-cries.

And then the legendary King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table appeared upon the scene, and law and order were supposed to have been restored to Carlisle. Here it was that the magnificent tournament was held, when Gyneth, a natural daughter of the king, was promised in marriage to the most valiant knight in Christendom.

“ Within trumpet sound of the table round
Were fifty champions free,
And they all arise to fight that prize;
They all arise but three.
And these three knights of Arthur's court
Are from the tourney missed;
And still these lovers' fame survives,
For faith so constant shown.
There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,
And one who loved his own.”

Even to-day if, in solitude, you can shut your mind to Carlisle's 1928 machinery and motion and allow it to dwell in the past, there is ample atmosphere about the grim Border city to bring home to you those legendary days of song and story.



THE ARMS OF
NEWCASTLE

SCOTLAND

DUMFRIES

CUMBERLAND

WESTMORLAND

IRISH
SEA

THE ARMS OF
YORK



LANCS.



ROXBURGH

NORTHUMBERLAND

DURHAM

DARLINGTON

LEIGH

LEIGH

LEIGH

LEIGH

LEIGH

LEIGH

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LEIGH

LEIGH

LEIGH

LEIGH

Reference:	
	Cathedral
	Abbey
	Castle
	Mansion
	Church
	Famous Inn
	Antiquities
	Birthplace



THE ARMS OF
DURHAM

A Map of
The
North Eastern Counties
of England
from Humber to Tweed
to accompany
"Cameos of Three
Counties"

Whitburn
Sunderland

Seaham Harbour

Castle Eden
Hartlepool
W. Hartlepool
Seaton Carew
Redcar

Middlesbrough
Saltburn
Guisborough
Yarm
Wunthorpe

North Riding
Danby
Whitby

Thirsk
Helmsley
Easingwold

Yorks HIRE
Malton

York
Rocklington

Market Weighton

Hull

Lincoln

Withernsea

Spurn Head

The
NORTH
SEA

THE ARMS OF
KINGSTON upon HULL



